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Way Back In '61

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An Original Play In 4 Acts

BY

Clarence Bennett

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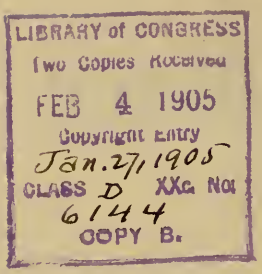

"WAY BACK IN '61."

An original play in four acts, by Clarence Bennett.
Seven males—three females. (smallest number possible.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

COL. BOB RAWLINS, of Virginia.

JACK RAWLINS, his son,

FRANK ROLLINS, his nephew. (Frank doubles U. S. Sergeant).

CAPT. WALTER LE ROY, of N. Y. in the U. S. A.

COL. WAITE, (C. S. A.)—(Simms doubles).

CORPORAL BIRD, (C. S. A.) of Gen. Early's command—(Jack doubles).

JOHN SIMMS, an adventurer.

JIM BROWN, C. S. A.—(Frank doubles).

SERGEANT MICHAEL MULHALY, U. S. A.

UNCLE JOE, old colored servant of Col. Rawlins.

KATHERINE RAWLINS, Col. Rawlins' daughter.

MARAH KENNETH, a mad woman.

LENA VON SCHMATZENWICKS, a German girl, protege of Kate

Soldiers of C. S. A. & U. S. A.

ACT I.

The summer home of Col. Bob Rawlins, overlooking Charleston Harbor House, (typical Southern Mansion with large porch, with heavy columns, and window with lace curtains) L. 2 & 3. Table & 3 chairs. R. C. at back. Settee R near 2. Green baize wood wing & Foliage Borders.

MIKE. (discovered at rise, looking out toward Charleston). By me soul things are beginning to look moighty "Pokerish" round here! Sure, the folks av Lieut. Rawlins are moighty fine folks, and it's a fine time they've been showin' us for these three weeks, now. But, by me soul, I think the rest o' the people round here have forgotten how to laugh! They look at us that suspicious as though they thought we were thaves and blackguards! Sure it's my opinion we're entirely too far away from head-quarters. Sure Misther Walter is that crazy over Miss Katherine's beautiful face. Well, who the Divil could blame him? She's as purty and rosy as the smile o' the Mornin'! But, bedad! It's my opinion we're stayin' here entirely too long. These buccoos ain't whisperin' so much for nothin'. They're up to some Diviltry; and it's my opinion it manes war. Begorrah, we'd better be off quick; and I mane to make so bould as to put a flea into Misther Walther's ear. (Joe enters L)

Whist! Good Mornin' to yez, Uncle Joe.

JOE: Mawnin' Mars' Mulhaly, Sah!

MIKE—Joe, can yez tell me where Lieut. Walther has gone?

JOE—Yes Sah. He done went ober to Chawlston, 'long wid Mars' Jack an' Mars' Frank, jes at sun up, while it war cool, Sah. Mars' Jack done think a pow'ful heap o' Mars' Le Roy, an' so do Mars' Frank, too, Sah.

MIKE.—And, sure he thinks a hape o' thim, Joe. Sure he and Misther Jack was chums and class-mates at West Pint, and that close together loike brothers.

JOE.—Yes, Sah, an' dey jes' "Gradu'ly waited" togever, Sah.

MIKE, (puzzled), They what?

JOE,—Dey "Gradu'ly-waited" frum de school, Sah.

MIKE,—Oh! Graduated.

JOE, (laughs sheepishly). Yes Sah. Dat's him, I 'spect, Sah.

MIKE.—Oh, sure, it's great chums they are. Lieut. Jack made Lieut. Walther come home wid him, on a visit, and they brought me along.

JOE.—Yes, Sah. An' ole Mars' Bob and Misee Kate, (de Lawd bress 'em) lef' ole plantation, up in Virginny an' done come down here, to Mars' Bob's summer mansion, a "Resusticatin'" 'long wif Mars' Frank, ole Mars' Bob's nephew, Sah; an' you-all an' de young gemmen come down heyre to spend you-all's vaccination.

MIKE (laughing), Yez mean our vacation.

JOE (laughs), Yes, Sah. Dat's what I done mean, Mars' Mulhaly.

MIKE,—Yez don't know, fur sure, whin they'll be back?

JOE. No, Sah, 'Deed I doant. Dey-all didn't 'specifycate' deyre 'tentions, Sah.

MIKE. Things are lookin' moighty serious over there, Joe.

JOE (shaking his head)—Yes Sah. I done heah ole Mars' Bob say dey was gwin ter 'bonoe-yard' de Fote.

MIKE: What's that? Bombard the Fort?

JOE: Yes, Sah. Ole Mars' done say dey'd be big cannons a shootin' 'fore a week, Sah.

MIKE: Shootin' is it? Begorry, we'd better be gettin' back on our side o' the game! Oh, bedad! It's a murtherin' shame that we'll soon have to be a fightin' wid these foine paple that have thrated us loike lords!

JOE (who has gone up C.) Mars' Mulhaly, heyre comes de young gemmen now, Sah.

(Walter and Jack enter L. U. Frank following wearily. Mike salutes and stands at attention. Walter & Jack acknowledge salute. Jack laughs at Frank, who has dropped into chair, back of table R. C. at back, fanning himself with hat. As Walt. approachs Mike, R. C., Joe up L. bowing and grinning).

WALT. Mike, get our things packed up. We leave for Wash-

ington, this evening, on the next train.

MIKE: Begorrah, yer Honor, an' it's not a blissid minute too soon, I'm thinkin'. Sure I'm off loike an ould maid's sun bonnet in a cyclone! (Exit in house L.)

(Walt. turns up and looks off at back, gloomily).

JOE (bowing and grinning), 'Deevin' Gemmen, dis mawnin'! I done hope you's is 'joyin' you-all's 'varigation.' (Jack laughs).

FRANK (Ruefully), Oh, yes! We're enjoying our "Variegation!" Don't I look variegated?

JACK (laughing), Joe, you mean vacation.

JOE (laughing), Yes, Sah, I low so, Sah.

JACK: Uncle Joe, where are Father and Sistah Kate?

JOE: Dey-all done gwine out ridin' in de 'kearge foh dinnah, Sah. Dey done say foh lou gemmen to 'scuse 'em, Sahs; an' foh you-all not to wait foh dem, but foh you-all to jes' 'confection' you-all's dinner jes' wheneber you-all desi'us to done so, Sahs. Ole Mars' Bob done say dey-all done 'sorb dey-all's breakfus when dey done 'rival' back, Sahs.

JACK: (laughing), We'll just take a cup of coffee now and wait and dine with them.

JOE (puzzled), Yes, Sah, you done want to take you-all's coffee now and 'edify you repastuse?

JACK: Yes, Joe, that's it.

JOE: Does you gemmen desirious to liquidate you-all's coffee out heah, Mars' Jack?

JACK: Yes, Joe, you may serve it out here.

FRANK: Well, if war does come, I wont walk! I can tell you that! You can count me out of the infantry! (Joe grinning). I recon I'll take Joe along to carry me.

JOE (laughing), Well, it won't be de fust time, Mars' Frank. I done uster 'tote' you on my back when you was a little 'shaver' no higher dan dat (bus.) Sah.

FRANK (merrily) So you did, Uncle Joe. I reckon I belonged to the "Infantry" then.

JOE (laughing). Yah! Yah! Yes, Sah! 'Deed you did, Mars' Frank. Yah! Yah! (exits in house, laughing.)

JACK, (sits back of table). Come, Walter, sit down and be sociable. I declare you are as glum as a preacher who has stumbled upon a dance. What's the matter, old Chap?

WALT. (sits L. of table). Jack, look over there. Yonder city is a powder magazine, that needs but a spark to kindle it into an explosion, that shall sound from ocean to ocean, I tell you. Gentlemen, it means war!

FRANK: Well, war is your element. I thought you soldiers loved it as a fish does water.

WALT. Not when it means Civil war.—friend against friend—brother against brother.

FRANK: That's so. Here, for instance, Jack and I are Virginians,and, naturally, our sympathies are with the South; while yours are with the North. Who knows? We might find ourselves, some day, in the opposing ranks, popping away at each other!

WALT: Heaven grant it may not come to that!

JACK: So say we all! But time enough to think of that when it does come.

FRANK: That's so. Let us live to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself! We will not cross the bridge till we come to it, boys.

WALT: Frank, don't let us shut our eyes. The bridge is here.

JACK: Well, if it must come, we will meet it like men. But we, at least, will let the others declare war. (Rising.) Boys, let us swear, now, that if war should come , wherever our ideas of duty may lead us, we will remain friends always—friends and brothers!

ALL: (clasping hands over table, earnestly). Friends and Brothers!

WALT: Gentlemen, I must say good-bye this evening.

BOTH: To-day?

WALT: Yes, Mike and I leave, by the next train, for the North.

JACK: Oh, say, old Man! Don't go to-day! Why are you in such a hurry to leave us?

WALT: Look out, over the bay there, where those cannons are waiting in grim silence, to pour their death-rain at that lonely flag on Sumpter! I must go while I can.

MIKE (enters from house, salutes.) Av yez plase, yer Honor, everything is packed up, Sor.

WALT: Very well, Mike. We leave in an hour and a half. Send the things to the station in time for that train.

MIKE: I will, yer Honor. (going toward house, almost bumps into Joe who is coming out with tray of coffee, bread and jam) Wow!

JOE: 'Scuse me, Mars' Mulhaly! I didn't see yoh, Sah.

MIKE: Begorrah! I come moighty nigh breakin' that bottle.

JOE: (laughs) Dat aint no bottle, Sah. Dat's a jar o' jam.

MIKE: Well, don't jar or jam it! (all laugh).

JOE: (puts things on table). Dar, Gemmen, dar's you-all's refreshifications.

JACK: Uncle Joe!

JOE: Yes, Sah.

JACK: See that the gentlemen's baggage is sent over to the depot.

JOE: Yes, Sah. I'll see dat de 'septicles is transmognified to de depot, Sah. (serving lunch as Lena enters R. U. E. with flowers in her

hands.)

LENA (courtesies). Goot evening, Shentlemans! How you vas?

JACK: Why good' evening, Miss Lena! Will you have some lunc.. with us?

LENA (courtesies). I t'ank you, Meinheer; aber I haf mine today dinner for lunch etten vonce abreaty.

MIKE: Wow! Aint she a beauty! (aside to Joe) Joe! Who is she?

JOE: Why, Sah, dat's Missee Lena Von Schmatzenwicks.

MIKE (tries to say it) Lena Von Smashem—— (grabs his jaw) Wow! I tried to say it, and, bedad I b'lave I swallowed three av me teeth!

(Exit Joe, laughing, in house).

LENA: Ogscoose me, aber vere did Miss Katrine vas?

JACK: She has gone out riding with Father, Lena. She'll soon be back. Sit down. (offers her his chair).

LENA: No, t'ank you. I vould rader stood up. I some flowers for her haf get got vonce.

FRANK: You're a flower yourself, Lena. A sweet little German rose.

LENA (courtesies, confused). Oh, Meinheer Frank! You make my face all ofer mit plushes red!

FRANK: Oh, forgive my rudeness, Lena! I didn't mean to offend you.

LENA (laughs) Dot iss all right, Meinheer Frank. I don't was mad.

MIKE: Bedad, Sor, It's no crime to tell a pretty girl that she is purty!

LENA (aside) Oh, my gracious! Dere comes dot plushes an onder time. Oh, vat a nice man!

MIKE (bowing). Sure, Mam, complimentin' a lady is the height av etiquet!

LENA (makes wry face). Van iss das? 'et-a-eat? Auch!

MIKE (hat in hand). No, not "ate-a-eat"! I mean you're the most beautiful lady I ever saw, Mam.

LENA: Oh, mine gootness! You make me so shamed dot my face vas so pink like your hair! (Mike claps on hat).

MIKE (aside) Divil fly away wid my red head! (aloud) Forgive me awkwardness! Sure I'm a blunderin' omadahn, Mam, begorrah!

LENA (laughs) Ha, ha, ha! Vat funny talk you make. Vat iss dot verd, begorry?

MIKE (aside) Begob!! She's gettin' me all ttangled up! (aloud) Sure, Mam, that's Dublin Frinch. It means that you're an angel.

LENA: Nein! Nein! Dead beobles vat go mit Heafen into vas

anshels. I don't vas dead.

MIKE: No. The Saints be praised, ye're not; or, by me soul, if yez were, I'd be followin' yez on the first thrain to Heaven!

LENA (laughs) Nein! Heafen iss von blace vat iss not on de rail-road. (all laugh) I t'ink I vill petter vent und saw, of Miss Katvine haf yetz back ge-commed. (going L. U.)

MIKE (reaches out hand to take hers) Sure, Mam, let me assist yez.

LENA (thinks he means the boquet) Vat, Meinheer, you vant de flowers for me to carry? (puts them in his hand) Sie kannen mit mir kommen (going L. U.)

MIKE: Wow! She have me twisted again! I'll go, this blissed day, and buy me a receipt book for talkin' Dutch! (Following her. She exits L. U.)

WALT (aside to Mike) Look out, Mike! You'll lose your heart!

MIKE: Bedad, yer Honor; I think the black-guird av a heart has given me the slip already! (exits L. U.)

JACK: Mike is making a strong beginning.

WALT: Oh, yes. He's a Beau Brummel with the ladies.

FRANK: Pick an Irishman, every time, for fighting and love-making!

WALT: She's a pretty, innocent little girl, and she seems devoted to your sister, Jack.

JACK: Yes. Sister Kate added her to her list of pensioners two months ago. She found Lena's mother sick and friendless, and nursed her till she died. The poor woman confided Lena and some important papers to Sister's care. Kate has referred them to the German government; but the unsettled state of things here may make it difficult to get a reply from them.

WALT. (with feeling). Another proof of her kindness.

FRANK: Hello! Here comes Cousin Kate! Lena has found her. (they rise)

KATE (enters L. U. with flowers, followed by Lena and Mike). You are so kind—so thoughtful, Lena dear! (kisses her).

MIKE: (L.C. aside) Wow! The luck o' some folks! I'll have that recipe book for Dutch talk in less than an hour.

LENA (to gentlemen) I haf her found vonce.

KATE (sees them). Oh! Good Evening!

ALL (bowing) Good Evening!

JACK: Lena has been waiting for you, Kate.

KATE: She is so good!

FRANK (mischievously) And Michael has been keeping her company!

KATE: Oh, thank you! So you have kept her from being lone-

some? (gents laugh).

MIKE (bows confusedly) Me sarvice to yez, Ma'am! (aside) Wow! I'm smeared all over wid blushees.

WALT: I hope you enjoyed your ride.

KATE: (C.) Oh, it was glorious! The salt air,—the sunshine, the scent of the spring flowers, the beautiful view of the distant city with the curves of shore, the shimmering harbor, with its sleepy wavelets falling lazily upon the sandy beach, the far stretches of green hills and purple distance! It was perfect! And then Papa's splendid team of blacks, Mogul and Satan! I believe he is almost as proud of their pedigree as of his own; and proud, too, that he alone is master of their fierce, fiery natures! How they flew! The reins as taut as harp strings,—their black, tossing manes like rolling storm-clouds, through which flashed the lightening of their wild eyes,—the rattling thunder of their rushing hoofs, the air; like a gale, in our faces; the road; like a fleeing torrent, beneath our wheels! It was as though we had harnessed our chariot to the tempest! Oh, it was glorious! Glorious!

FRANK & WALT (clapping hands), Bravo! Bravo!

WALT (enthusiastically), I declare you carried me away with your eloquent description.

JACK: (teasingly) Oh, pshaw! Women are such funny creatures! Kate thinks Father is the only one on the plantation who knows how to drive. Anybody can drive that old pair of dray-horses!

KATE: Oh, Jack! You're a monster! Those splendid blacks dray-horses! Slanderer! (throws her gloves at him, he dodges behind table, laughing).

JACK (behind table), "There was a little girl, and she had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead. When she was good, she was very, very good; and when she was bad, she was horrid!"

MIKE: (aside) I'll remember that, bedad!

WALT: Jack, you're incorrigible!

FRANK: We'll be your allies, Cousin Kate. (tragically to Jack) Monster! Be thou a stranger to pie and society for three days!

KATE: He's forgiven if he begs pardon.

JACK: Whose pardon? Yours or the horses?

KATE: Both!

JACK (with mock humility). I bow to Beauty and the Beasts! Think of me praying to a horse!

MARAH: (on R. U. E. looking off at distant city). (Lena runs to Katherine L. C. Mike near them, Gentlemen R. C.) Ha, ha, ha! I knew it! I saw it all in my dreams! The sacred winds whispered it to me! See yon dark cloud! It is the Shadow of the Sword!

KATE (L. C. soothingly). No, Marah, no! It is only a storm-cloud.

MARAH: Yes! Yes! The storm is coming! Do ye not hear it.

afar off? Ye shall hear its hoarse thunder! Ye shall see its lightings blaze! It shall rain iron till the land is wet with blood! Ye shall plow the fields with cannon balls! Ye shall sow them with bullets and reap them with swords; and the ground shall be heaped with the ghastly harvest! Homes shall be blackened ruins and hearts shall be desolate, and Woe shall come in and sit down at every fire-side! Weep! Weep! then for the Land of Graves (N. B. She must not see Frank's face).

KATE: (L.C.) No! no! Poor Marah! You have been dreaming again!

MARAH: (coming down C.) Dreaming? Yes! I am always dreaming now! And I see her face in my dreams! My child's white, dead, despairing face, lying in the stream over there! I hear the hoarse roar of the water-fall, shouting: "Revenge!" And the trees stretch out their pitying arms over her; while the Wind whispers to them the hated name of him who wrecked her life and broke her heart and drove her to her death! My poor, poor, Margery! Oh, curse him! Curse him!

KATE: (going to her L.) Poor, dear old Marah! You must not weep! There! Dry your tears!

MARAH: Yes, yes! Tears do not kill! (fiercely). I must not live to weep but for revenge!

KATE: No, no Marah! Calm yourself! You must try to forget!

MARAH: Forget! Could I forget the white, still face of my dead child? My darling? No, no! I can never forget till he is dead! Dead!

KATE (starts to lead her toward house L.) There, there! Poor thing! come in and rest!

MARAH: (turns away R.) No, no! I must go back! The woods are calling, me! Hark! There! I hear her voice calling: "Mother! Mother!" Don't ye hear her? She is lonely in her grave when I am away! Yes, Margery, darling, I'm coming, Dear! I'm coming! (exit R. 2 E.)

KATE (wipes away a tear), Poor thing! My heart aches for her!

WALT: (near her, tenderly and earnestly). An Angel's tears for human suffering!

KATE: No! Only a woman's sympathy.

WALT: In this case, they are the same. Tell me her story.

KATE: It is a sad and simple one. An old one, oft repeated in human lives! Her daughter Margery, betrayed and deserted by the man she loved, drowned herself, and her poor, mother became insane through grief. She lives alone, in a little hut, near her child's grave.

JACK: Who was the scoundrel?

KATE: A man named Simms,—John Simms.

FRANK: Strange that I never saw her before!

KATE: She rarely leaves her cabin; and the kind people who know her sad story, see that she does not want.

WAITE: (enters L. U. E.) 'Devenin' Gemmen! Ladies, yoh servant! (all bow).

JACK: Good Evening, Mr. Waite.

WAITE: Is yoh father, Mr. Rawlins, 'bout home?

JACK: Yes, Sah. (calls) Joe!

JOE: (enters from house) Yes, Sah.

JACK: Joe, go tell Father Mr. Waite is here to see him.

JOE: Yes, Sah. (exits in house)

WAITE: I want to see him 'bout this political bus'ness! Our hands have been tied 'bout long 'nough, I reekon. We've stood this thing of waitin' jes as long as we can!

JACK: (annoyed) Well, don't let us talk about it here, Mr. Waite.

WAITE: (blusteringly) It's time to talk and to act too, young man! Ye see that fort yonder? Well, that infernal Yankee rag has got ter come down!

WALT: (starts angrily), What!

KATE (lays hand on his arm) Mr. Le Roy! For my sake!

WALT: Forgive me, Miss Kate!

WAITE: (brutally). Hello! You're one o' them damned abolitionists, eh?

COL. R. (at door), Mr. Waite, you forget yourself, Sah. There are ladies present! This gentleman is my guest! Whoever insults him, insults me! (pause).

WAITE: 'Scuse me, Mr. Rawlins, I don't want no quar'l with you, Sah. 'Scuse me, ladies, fur gittin' 'riled. Mr. Rawlins, I want ter talk bus'ness with you, Sah. We——

COL. R. (L. of Kate, checks him.) One moment Sah. (aside to Kate) Kate, leave us, please, and take Mr. Le Roy with you.

KATE (to Lena) Lena, you must show me where you got those beautiful flowers, won't you?

LENA: Yah, Miss Kat-rine. (cross R. 2) Dey vas lived ober yonder by de woods.

KATE: (crosses R. after Lena). Come, Mr. Le Roy, and help us.

WALT: Certainly, with pleasure. (crosses R.)

MIKE: Can I come along and carry the flowers, Ma'am?

KATE: Certainly, Mr. Mulhaly. You can help Lena. (Kate, Walt. & Lena exit R. 2).

MIKE (crossing R.) Oh, sure I'm walkin' on air and brathin' roses this blissed minute! (exits R. 2).

WAITE: , (sullenly) Why did you send him away?

COL. R. I am a gentleman, Sah! I would not do violence to the feelings of my visitor by speaking of Secession in his presence, Sah!

WAITE: From the North, eh?

COL. R. Yes, Sah, from New York.

WAITE: Huh, a Yankee spy!

COL. R. No, Sah. That gentleman is our invited guest. He was Jack's class-mate at West Point, Sah.

WAITE: Well, he's an abolitionist, aint he?

COL. R. No Sah, He's a United States Officer.

WAITE: That's nothing! So is Jack, a nd he's with the South.

COL. R. Naturally, Sah. Jack's from Virginia, while Mr. Le Roy is from the North.

WAITE: We'd better seize him.

COL. R. What? He is my guest and under my protection, and he shall depart in peace and no man shall stop him, Sah!

WAITE: There, Mr. Rawlins! I didn't mean ter 'rile' yeh; but, see here; Do you mean that you will send back a well-drilled officer to help organize the army of raw recruits for them abolitionists?

COL. R. You have heard me, Sah! Have you lived among Southern gentlemen all your life, Mr. Waite, without learning what Southern hospitality means, Sah?

WAITE: But, Mr. Rawlins———

COL. R. Listen, Sah. War is not declared. And if it were, every law of justice and military honor would give him free passport to his own side. And that's what Southern Chivalry will do now, Sah!

WAITE: Well, Mr. Rawlins, 'scuse me, Sah. We'll change the subject. We are tired of this waiting. Everything is ready, and we are expecting orders from Gen. Beauregard, at any minute, to fire on Sumpter, any hour now you may look to hear the first gun of the war. I come from Gen. Beauregard to give you notice, so you can be ready to act with us, Sah.

COL. R. Thank you Sah and the Genral. My hand and heart are with the South and her just cause. Jack has sent in his resignation, and he and Frank are with us.

JACK: When the South needs us, she will find us ready, Father.

FRANK: Every time!

WAITE: I'm glad to heah that, Sahs! Well, Mr. Rawlins, I must be going. These are busy times. (starts L. U.)

COL. R. (going with him). Yes, Sah; and we will meet the issue like men! (exeunt Col. R. & Waite L. U. Jack and Frank following).

JACK: Frank, that fellow is a contemptible scoundrel!

FRANK: Yes. But what can you expect? He's poor white trash! Bah! I'm ashamed that he's a Southerner! (exeunt L. U.) (Kate & Walter enter R. 2.)

KATE: Thank Heaven that coarse, brutal fellow has gone! Oh, how I dislike that man!

WALT: Miss Kate, I am ashamed that I forgot myself in your presence.

KATE (smiles up at Walter). I do not blame you. Were I a man, and, like you, in sympathy with the North, I should have done as you did.

WALT: You are so kind to forgive my rudeness! I cannot tell you how hard it will be for me to say good-bye to-day:

KATE: (alarmed) To-day! Oh, Wa—Mr. Le Roy! Must you go?

WALT: Yes. At any hour the thunder of the guns, down there, may sound the beginning of a struggle so terrible I dare not think what the end may be! But, before I go, I must find courage to tell you something, Kate.—

KATE: (with down cast eyes). Walter!

WALT: (takes her hand). I need not tell you how happy I have been here, near you! Drawn hither, not alone by that strong tie of friendship between Jack and me; but by a tenderer feeling for Jack's gentle sister, Kate! A love that budded in my heart when you visited Jack, two years ago at West Point; and here, under your bright Southern sun, has burst into full bloom! Kate, may I lay that blossom as a gentle offering, at your feet?

KATE: (looks up archly). No, no, Walter.—I'd rather wear it next my heart!

WALT: (clasps her to him). Kate! My Kate!

KATE: Yes, Walter! Always! (Frank enters L. U. sees, turns back).

FRANK: Excuse me! (exits L. U. quickly. Kate gives little scream and runs in house, hides behind window curtains. Walter confused. Frank creeps back down past window).

FRANK: Has she gone? (by window)

WALT: (confused). Well,—yes—I (Kate throws flowers through curtains on Frank).

FRANK: Hello! (sees curtains). Oh, you rascal! I won't tell! (to Walt) I congratulate you, old fellow! She's the finest girl in Virginia! I must go tell Jack! (exits L. U. Walt trying to stop him, goes up L. above window).

KATE: (through curtains) Walter!

WALT: (turns) Kate!

KATE: Has he gone?

WALT: Yes! (kisses her).

FRANK: (ouside calls) Walter! (she dodges in, Walt, quick around corner L. U.——Pause.)

SIMMS (creeps on R. 2, watching after Frank L. U.) There he goes! Mr. Frank Rawlins, your flattering resemblance to me may win me a fortune some day! If this rich old planter and his two children

were dead, you would be the next heir to his half million or more. If I should take your place, that fortune is mine! I must not be seen by any of the family but I'll keep my eye on him, though! It's a dangerous game, but it won't be the first one I have played! (Marah has entered R. U. during this speech, stopped to listen, creeping down back of him).

MARAH: (wildly). John Simms!

SIMMS: (starts and turns). Ha! You?

MARAH: Yes, Fiend! Marah Kenneth, the mother of the poor girl you murdered! Ye betrayed her with a kiss, as Judas betrayed Christ! May the curse of Judas be upon you!

SIMMS: (shrinking L. C.) Silence, you hag!

MARAH: Oh, my poor Margery! Ye ruined and killed her and drove me mad! She cannot rest in her grave while you are out of yours!

SIMMS: Be off, or I'll hurt you!

MARAH: (laughs wildly). Hurt me? Ha, ha ha! I have waited for this hour!—waited night and day—waited and wept and prayed above her grave, that I might kill you! (springs at him with knife. Struggle—he throws her off. She falls C. insensible).

SIMMS: Damn her! I'll—No! That might spoil all! I'll be off! (exit R. 2)

MARAH: (slowly recovering). Ah!—where am I?—Oh, my heart! My heart!—Oh, I remember now! I tried to kill him,—him, who had killed my darling, my Margery! He has gone! Gone! Gone! I'll find him again, I'll find him! 'Sleep, deary, sleep.' Mother'll come back when he is dead! (looks R.) Ha! Yonder! Fly, John Simms! Fly! But Marah Kenneth will track ye as the blood-hound tracks the run-away slave through the swamp! Fly! But ye cannot escape mad Marah's curse! (exits R. 2) (PAUSE)

(changing to twilight.—Yellow, then red, then green medium)

(Col. R. and Jack enter L. U. E.)

JACK (L. C.) But, Father! Is there no hope of peace?

COL. R. (down R. C.) None! It is inevitable. It is the culmination of the long struggle between abolition and slavery. The hot tide of sectional feeling has risen, seething, higher and higher, till, like a volcano, it will burst into flame, sweeping all before it in a lava tide of ruin.

JACK: Is there no hope of compromise?

COL. R. There can be no compromise! We demand the protection of our rights and property. The North refuses. There is nothing left for us but to fight! Jack, your friend, our guest, Mr. Le Roy, must go at once, while he can.

JACK: He intends to go this evening. Father, I think Walter has something to say to you, before he goes.

COL. R. (surprised). To me? What is it, Jack? (Kate enters from house)

JACK: Here comes Sister Kate. She can tell you.

COL. R. (sinks in seat R. aside, pained). What! How blind I have been! (aloud) Kate!

KATE: Father?

COL. R. Honey, come here. (She crosses to him and sits at his feet. He strokes her hair). Kate, your gentle mother died when you were only a wee, toddling thing. I pressed my baby girl closer to my wounded heart to ease its pain. I looked into your innocent eyes and saw your mother's spirit there, and felt that I was not quite alone! Thank God that look is in them still! You had no mother then, so I was all to you—companion, confidante, protector! Look in my eyes, my girl! Is there not something in your heart you have not told me?

KATE. (confused) Father!

COL. R. (tenderly). There, Kate! I'll help you! This Mr. Le Roy, has he told you that he loves you?

KATE (with down-cast eyes). Yes, Father.

COL. R. And do you love him, my child?

KATE: Yes.

COL. R. My poor child! Would I could have saved you from this pain?

KATE: (surprised) Pain, Father?

JACK: (L. C.) Father! He is a noble fellow and worthy the love of an empress!

COL. R. (sadly) True, Jack, but he is our foe!

KATE (starts up). No, Father!

COL. R. My Kate, you are a proud daughter of Virginia! You owe allegience to the sacred cause of the South! He would draw his sword against our rights! He is an alien, a stranger and our foe!

KATE: But. Father, he believes—— (Walt. enters from house)

COL. R. Hush! Our guest! (rises. Jack goes L. near Walt).

WALT: (L. near door). Mr. Rawlins, I cannot find words to thank you for kind hospitality while I——

FRANK (runs on L. U.) That scoundrel Waite is coming with two other black-guards.

COL. R. What does this mean? Kate, you had best go in.

KATE: No, Father! (crosses to L. of Walt.)

WAITE: (enters L. U. with two men. Comes R. C.) 'Scuse me, Mr. Rawlins! I have a painful duty to perform. You are harboring a Yankee spy! (to deputy) 'There's yer man. Seize him.' (Dep. jumps for Walt who knocks him R. C. Jack and Frank spring to either side of Walt. Kate, with a cry, throws her arms about him).

COL. R. (C) Stop! He is my guest and the man who touches him is my foe! (PICTURE) This is not the act of a soldier, but of a brigand!

WAITE: My duty——

COL. R. You have no duty here, Sah! Go!

WAITE (crossing up L. with Deputies). Wait, young feller. I'll get yoh yet.

COL. R. Begone! (Waite & Deps. exeunt L. U.) Jack, I look to you and Frank to see that my guest is not molested.

FRANK: Trust us for that!

JACK: Yes!

COL. R. Mr. Le Roy, it may sound strange for me, your host, to bid you go, but——

WALT: I came to tell you that I leave this evening. But before I go, I would tell you that I—(takes Kate's hand). Mr. Rawlins, that I love your daughter.

COL. R. Come here, Kate.

KATE: (crosses L. to him, pleadingly) Father!

COL. R. You force me to strain the laws of hospitality, Sah, by my touching upon a subject that should not be mentioned between us. We are Virginians, Sah, and we pledge our lives, our honor, our all upon the sacred cause of the South. I need not ask if you are with us, Sah!

WALT: No, Mr. Rawlins, my duty calls me to the other side.

COL. R. 'Then Kate is not for you, Sah.'

KATE (pleadingly) Oh, Father.

COL. R. (with emotion) Kate, by child! (opens arms. She falls sobbing, on his breast.) I respect, I honor you, Sah; but there is a gulf of blood and fire between us!

WALT: Is there, then, no hope? (boom of distant cannon and flight of burning shell toward Sumpter. All start and stand on picture.)

COL. R. The First Gun of the War! There is your answer! Go!

JACK: Walter!

WALT: (grasps Jack and Frank's hands). Jack! Frank! Good-bye; and may God protect you! (cannon)

KATE: (rushes to his arms). Walter!

WALT: Kate, my darling! You would not want me to stay!

KATE (proudly) No, Walter, go! I could not love you if you could be false to what you thought was right!

WALT: God bless you for those words, my Kate (cannon) I will be faithful to you and my duty! Good-bye, my darling! Good-bye, but not forever! (runs off L. U. E. Frank & Jack following).

KATE: (C). Thank Heaven, he was true to his honor!

PICTURE.
CURTAIN.

SECOND PICTURE: Jack and Frank off. Kate fainted in Col.'s arms.

COL. R. Poor Child! Poor Child!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Between the lines.—Wild, rocky wood scene in 4, with large rocks R. & L.—Largest one up L. C. MIKE enters with squad of U. S. soldiers at rise, from R. U. E. (set stump R. C. near 3).

MIKE (in orderly sergeant's uniform). Halt! Yez can rest at aze till the captain comes. Sure it's a thafe av a bounty-jumper yez are afther. Yez must be as still as a cat afther a mouse! (looks off R.) Hello! Attention! shoulder Arms! (Walt. enters as Capt. R. 3.—Mike salutes)

WALT: Sergeant Mulhaly, a man wearing a black hat, brown coat, gray pants and cavalry boots, is in hiding, somewhere here. Have your men scatter and scour these woods thoroughly and report to you here. They must move cautiously, both in order to capture their man, and also to escape any Confederate scouts sent out by Early. Arrest any one not in Federal uniform, and hold him till he can be examined. You can then report to me. (Mike salutes. Walt exits L. 1.)

MIKE: Now, scatter, me 'buccoos, 'and walk as if yez was walkin' on eggs! (all off L. 3 E.) Simms peeps out from behind rock, L. U. after them, then comes out cautiously)

SIMMS: That was a close call! I must get out of these clothes and make my escape. (looks L.) Ha! (hides again).

MIKE: (re-enters L. 2, takes out German book). Now, thin, while I'm waitin' for thim 'omadahns', I'll jist give mesilf another Dutch lesson. (reads) "Ah-bay-tsay-day." Oh, begorry! the letters all have asshumed names! "Wallen Sie spatzieren gay-en?" Oh, bedad! studyin' Dutch is the hardest thrade a man can learn! I'll jist wait till the cool av the avenin'. I think I'll jist write some poetry to me swate-heart, Lena. Let me see, thin what rhymes wid Schmatzenwicks? There's Bats-and-bricks, and Slats-and-sticks, and Pats-and-kicks, and Spats-and-licks, and Smashin'-Micks,—Wow! by me soul, that's a fightin' name! Sure it makes me think av the broken heads at Donnybrook Fair! Spakin' o' fightin', sure, I'm forgettin' the arms and the torpedo and the aitins I captured this mornin' and hid in a holler log. Wow! Who's this? (hides L. 2. behind rock).

FRANK (enters R. 2. singing) "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you!" I'm somewhere between the lines; but, like the puppy with the turtle, I can't make head or tail of it. I'm as bad off as the old darkey preacher, "I aint jes sure whether de whale swallowed Jonah, or Jonah whaled the swallow or the swallow "Jonahed" the whale!" I must get out of this!

MIKE (rises with gun) Hould on, me "bucco!" I'll help yez!

FRANK: (aside recognizing Mike) Great Scott! Mike! (aloud) Good Morning!

MIKE: The top o' the mornin' to yez!

FRANK: Can you tell me the way to the Confederate lines?

MIKE: Av course I can—but av course I won't! I'll jist show yez the way to the Union lines, me b'y.

FRANK: That's very kind of you. Will you have a cigar? (takes it from pocket)

MIKE: A Se-gar is it! Will I have a SE-gar! Sure I don't mind if I do. (Frank starts to hand it to him) Hould on! Yez can jist lay it on the stump ferninst, and take two steps to the rear. (bus) Will I have a SE-gar—(gets it) The top o' the mornin' to yer honor! Here's lookin' at yez!—Have yez a match?

FRANK: (bus) Certainly. (Same business).

MIKE: Hould on! Put it on the stump! (Mike backs, Frank advances and leaves it on stump then back). Oh, begorrah! But that's a fine SE-gar! Sure yez must be the "High Muck-amuck!" Are yez Gineral Early?

FRANK: No. I'm generally early; but now they'll be askin': "What made ye late?"

MIKE: Oh, thin, yer name's Major Late?

FRANK: Oh, no, Sergeant Michael Mulhaly.

MIKE: How the divil did yez know me name was Michael Mulhaly?

FRANK: Oh, everyone in both armies, knows the gallant Sergeant Michael Mulhaly.

MIKE (confused) Begorrah! I'm smeared all over wid blushes! Yer Honor yez do me proud. (Frank offers hand) Stay where you are! I'll take your word for it.

FRANK: So you don't know me, Mike?

MIKE: By me sould: I don't. Who the Divil are yez?

FRANK: Lieutenant Frank Rawlins, at your service.

MIKE (drops gun and grabs his hands) Oh, bedad! Bother me for a blunderin' black-guard that I didn't know yez at the first wink! How are yez, Mr. Frank? And how are Lena and the beautiful Miss Katherine?

FRANK: Oh, they're quite well, Mike. By the way! I have a letter from Cousin Kate for Walter. Will you give it to him? (gives Mike letter).

MIKE: Will I though! Sure he'll be as happy as a little b'y wid a pair o' new boots.

FRANK: (near Mike's gun) Well, Good-bye, Mike!

MIKE: Hould on there! Yez are me prisoner!

FRANK, (with gun) No, Mike. You are MY prisoner.

MIKE: Stop yer jokin' Mr. Frank, and give me the gun! Capt. Walter tould me to arrest everybody I found betune the lines.

FRANK: And that's what Gen. Early told me. You'll have to

come along Mike.

MIKE: Begorrah! Yez have turned the tables on me! Do yez mane it, Mr. Frank?

FRANK: Of course I mean it, Mike! Orders are orders, you know; so, come on!

MIKE: Hould on! How the Divil can I give Capt. Walter this letter, thin?

FRANK: (laughing) Well, Mike, I guess I'll have to let you go this time. (gives him the gun) Good-bye! (starts as if to go).

MIKE: Hould on, Mr. Frank! You're MY prisoner. Orders are orders, yez know; so, come on.

FRANK: (smiling) Well, Mike, how am I to tell Cousin Kate that Walter got her letter?

MIKE (scratches his head, puzzled). Begob! Here's a muddle! Wait there, while I think it out; (crosses L. C.) and don't yez thry to escape; and, if yez do, for the Lord's sake don't go that way, (points L.) or they'll capture yez!

FRANK: (laughs) Thanks, Mike! I won't then.

MIKE: And if yez git away, hide in a holler tree, and don't yez move an eye-winker till every black-guard av us is out o' these woods, and thin streak it for the Rebel lines, beyant that hill yander. (points) (sits with back to Frank.)

FRANK: All right Mike. (goes out R. 2. laughing)

MIKE: Oh, begorrah, that's a foine SE-gar! Have yez another match, Mr. Frank? (reaches hand behind him,—waits) Oh, bedad! It's aslape he is, I think. Never moind! It's goin' yet.—Are yez there?—(pause) If yez are, ye're a blamed fool!—Are yez gone, Mr. Frank?—(pause. "One,—two—three—four! I'm not goin' to count anymore!" (turns) Oh, begob! Where the Divil is he thin? Sure, it's disappeared aff the face o' the Earth that he has! Well, begorrah! If I find him again, I'll hould him tight! (exits L. 2 whistling Irish air loud).

SIMMS: (looks from behind rock). The very chance! What Devil sent him here to tempt me? I enter the Union army under his name, and thus hide my own identity, I escape the death of a bounty-jumper and win my right to retain that estate by my allegience to the Northern side.—Hello! (hides).

FRANK: (coming on R. 2). Mike's all right! Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish! For the first time in two years we are back to the old home, and here I am, caught between the lines, with important dispatches to Gen. Early. I'll lie low and wait till these woods are cleared, and—(going up toward rock, Simms springs up and grapples with him. Struggle) You scoundrel!

SIMMS: (stabs him and he falls behind rock L. C.) Yes, and you'll wait a good while longer! Now for this uniform and the des-

patches. They'll insure me a good reception at Washington. (during speech he throws off his coat and hat, taking Frank's) I'll hide till midnight and be off. If they find his body, he is John Simms now, and I am Frank Rawlins! (comes out R. of Rock)

WALT: (entering L. 3 sees him) Frank!

SIMMS: (starts but recovers self-possession) Walter!

WALT: (grasping his hand). How are you, old fellow! My God, man! What are you doing here? My men will capture you!

SIMMS: I came to bring you a letter from Kate.

WALT: God bless you, old man! Where is it?

SIMMS: I gave it to Mulhaly to give you.

WALT: But, Frank! You must get back inside of your lines! You see I have not forgotten our last morning together, at Charleston.

SIMMS: (fishing to find out what he means) Oh! You mean when Kate hid in the window?

WALT: No. I mean the oath we took. What was it, Frank?

SIMMS: (at sea) I—I don't remember.

WALT: (surprised) YOU DON'T REMEMBER?

SIMMS: (Petulantly) No.—you see—— that is—— a shell burst close to my head, and it affected my memory.

WALT: Well, I have not forgotten, Frank. There lie your lines. Go cautiously and avoid our scouts. They are searching these woods. Good-bye!

SIMMS: (shakes hands). Good-bye! (exits L. 3)

WALT: (looking after him). Strange! What can be the matter with Frank? He is not at all like his old bright self. I can't understand it! (turns to go R. meets Marah, who enters R. 2.) Marah!

MARAH: Aye! Marah! Mad Marah, they call me!

WALT: What are you doing here?

MARAH: Hunting a snake,—a poisonous, slimy snake, that crawled across my Margery's young life,—that stung her heart and killed her!

WALT: You are not safe here, Marah; come with me.

MARAH: No, no! My Margery cannot sleep till I have killed him!

WALT: Who?

MARAH: John Simms!

WALT: The Deserter! . . I must have her taken away from here. She might be killed. (exits R. 2)

MARAH (C). All last night, as I lay down yonder, I heard the voices of the great swamp! The whip-poor-will's cry, the wailing of the screech-owls and the sobbing wind in the cypress trees! There was a dead man lying in a pool of blood in the tall grass, with a broken sword in his hand! I turned the dead face to the moonlight, but it was not his!

Not his! But I'll find him, Margery! Poor little Margery! My little one who patted my cheek with her chubby hands,—whose baby prattle filled my heart brim-full of joy! Oh, who would have dreamed that a Devil's hand could write "Shame" upon that angel brow!

FRANK: (struggling up from behind rock L. U.) Help! Help!

MARAH: (wildly drawing knife). It is he! At last! At last! Ha, ha, ha! (rushes at him with knife raised. He catches her wrist.)

FRANK: Woman! What woulld you do?

MARAH: (struggling) Kill you!

FRANK: Why?

MARAH: (rises with knife) Why! You ask me that? Ha, ha, ha! Why? Because you ruined and killed my child, my Margery, John Simms! (Starts at him again).

FRANK: Hold, Marah, for God's sake! I am not John Simms!

MARAH (looking in his face) You are not John Simms?

FRANK: No. I am Frank Rawlins, Kate's cousin.

MARAH: Kate Rawlins' cousin! My God! And I would have killed you! No! You are not he, and yet so like! So like it, would have deceived any but mad Marah who knows his hated face so well!

FRANK: (starts) What! Is John Simms like me?

MARAH: As a twin brother. (sees coat) Ha! He wore that coat too!

FRANK: Then he is the scoundrel who stabbed me and then robbed me!

MARAH: Come! Lean on me! I'll hide ye and nurse ye back to health again for sweet Kate Rawlins' sake! Then we will find him together, and kill him! Kill him! Ha, ha, ha! (helps him off during speech R. U.)

MIKE (enters L. 2. with torpedo, with trigger and guns all around him) Bedad, I surrounded the Rebel arsenal! Sure it's the proud day for me whin I bring these into camp! (looks L.) Howly Smoke! Here comes the whole Rebel army! (Corporal Bird & Confederate soldiers run in L. 2 & surround him. Mike turning with guns, they dodge him).

BIRD: Put down them guns, Yankee!

MIKE: I WILL not! (turning Bus)

BIRD: Put down that scrap-iron!

MIKE: If yez start a 'scrap' wid me, yez'll think they're 'scrap'-irons!

BIRD: Look out, men! Them guns are cocked! Put 'em down, you infernal Yankee, or I'll shoot you!

MIKE: (turning) Thin I'll drop this torpedo and blow yez aff the face o' the Earth! Begorrah, I think I'll drop it anyway! (Confed's all jump away).

BIRD: Why, you idiot! you'd kill yourself!

MIKE: That's none o' your business! (turns rapidly, bus. of all dodging, as Federal soldiers & sergeant run on L. 2 driving all Rebs, who retreat R. U. followed by Federals). Bedad! That was a close call though! I thought they had me that time, sure! (Union soldiers back R. U.) Wow! Sergeant, Yez saved me that time sure! (turn bus. all dodge).

UNION SERGEANT (FRANK): Put 'em down, you fool Irishman, or you'll have us all killed! Put 'em down!

MIKE (turns) I will not! I've captured thim and I'm goin' to take thim into camp!

SERGEANT (behind Mike) "Croppy, lie down!"

MIKE: (drops guns and raises torpedo over his head). Wow! Show me the black-guard av an Orangeman that hollered that! I'll blow nm to paces! (all hide).

SERGEANT: (behind rock R. 2.) Hold on! Can't you take a joke?

MIKE (mad) Divil the joke that is! "Croppy, lie down!" "Croppy, lie down!" If yez don't want to go ter yer master, the Divil, never say that again to a true Irishman! "Croppy, lie down!"

SERGEANT: Well, put down that torpedo, Mike.

MIKE: (sits down with it) Sure, I'll put it down! (Opens lid, sits and eats out of it. All laugh).

SERGEANT: Well, I'll be blowed!

MIKE: Not wid this yez won't! (Bird & Confed's on R. 1. all fight off R. except Bird & Mike).

BIRD: (R. C.) Surrender Yank!

MIKE: (L. C.) Divil a bit, Jonnie! Surrender yerself! or bedad, I'll surround yez! (makes rush at Bird who steps aside, throws haversack over Mike's head and trips him up. Mike falls on face. Bird sits on his back) Fight fair, ye Divil!

BIRD: Now surrender, Irish, or I'll blow the head off of you.

MIKE: (with bag on his head) Hould on, Jonnie, ye robber! I surrender! (sits up, trying to get bag off). Divil take the bag! Do yez think ye're dhrownin' a kittin? The curse of Cromwell on a thafe av a Rebel that catches yez in a dip-net!

BIRD: (laughing) Bring 'em in, men! (Confed's bring in Federals as prisoners. A color sergeant with flag, has been wounded in head. Confed's gather up guns and put them L. U. Prisoners near R. 2. with guard. Flag against R. 2. wing)

UN. SERGEANT: Hello, Mike! Did they bag you too?

MIKE: (with disgust) Yis, they "Bagged" me! (all laugh) Divil fly away wid an omadahn that fights wid a bag instead av a gun! (to Bird) Who the divil are yez, anyway?

BIRD: (laughing) Well, Irish, I'm Corporal Bird, of Gen. Early's

command.

MIKE: So, ye're the "Farly bird" are yez?

BIRD: Yes, and "The early bird catches the worm!"

MIKE: Thin I suppose I'm the worm, am I, ye thafe?

BIRD: (laughing) Yes, Irish. You're the worm, all right! What regiment do you belong to?

MIKE: The 12814 Rhode Island Infantry, begob! (laughs slyly aside).

BIRD: (whistles) Whew! I knew there was a devil of a lot of you Yanks!

MIKE: (aside) I thought that would jar 'um! (COL. WAITE ENTERS L. 3. Confed's rise and salute).

COL. W: So, Corporal, you've caught a litter of the damned Yankees, have you?

BIRD: (salutes) Yes, Colonel.

WAITE: (sees flag R. 2.) Hello! What's this? The damned Abolition rag! (tears it from staff)

COLOR SARG. (FRANK) (staggers up) You scoundrel!

WAITE: (knocks him down). You damned Yank, lie down! (Mike & U. S. soldiers make start and cries of "Shame!" "Coward!" "Dog!" etc) Bind the Yankee curs and bayonet the first one that moves! (Confed's bind them reluctantly). What d'ye reckon ye are? You Yankees are cowards, sneak-thieves, curs! (Col. Rawlins enters R. 3. and stops). Damn your calico rag! (throws it down L. of him) I'll stomp out every star! (raises foot).

COL. R. (C) (firmly). Stop!

WAITE: (turns angrily). What the Hell——

COL. R. Stop, I say! We've all of us shot at that flag, Sah. She was taken from brave men to-day,—men who are ready to die for her. No coward shall call her a rag!

WAITE: (reaches for pistol.) What! Coward!

COL. R. (coolly covers him with pistol). Col. Waite, drop your hand, Sah! (he obeys doggedly) (to soldiers) Untie those men. (they start to obey).

WAITE: What d'ye mean?

COL. R. I mean that flag is a thing no brave foeman will trample! A thing that no coward shall jeer!

WAITE: (makes move for pistol. Col. R. covers him). Coward!

COL. R. (with pistol). Yes, coward!—Col. Waite, you can't set your heel on that flag, Sah. I'm a Rebel, clean through, but she's down now. I'll shield her or I'm not Bob Rawlins of Virginia! (stoops to pick up flag. Waite takes a step back and reaches for pistol behind him. Bird makes step to stop him. Shell, with burning fuse, falls on from L. near prisoners. Confed's jump away or drop flat. Waite gives a yell of

terror and jumps behind rock L. U. Col. Rawlins cooly picks it up and throws it out back of him, behind rock L. U. Explosion. Waite blown on at back of stage dead. Col. R. surprised.)

(PICTURE AND CHANGE OF SCENE)

SCENE 2.—The Swamp Road—in 1.—Trick opening in C. with cut edge for Simms. Twilight as scene advances.

SIMMS: (sneaking on from C. opening). Talk about luck! I fooled Le Roy completely! But I must not get into the Confederate lines, for I fear Col. Rawlins would detect the cheat. Besides, I would have to give up these dispatches, and they will be valuable to me in Washington. (Looks R. & dodges in C. opening, or, if none, off L. 1.) (Enter Federal prisoners, R. 1. with Mike last. Confed. guards with Bird following Mike with bayonet).

MIKE: Kape your bayonet away from me pants, Corporal Buzzard!

BIRD: See here, you Mick, my name's Bird!

MIKE: Well, Bird, or Buzzard, I wish I had yez in a ten acre lot wid a shelalah; I'd make your head ring like a cow-bell!

BIRD: Halt, men! (bus. to Mike) I reckon I'd better search you.

MIKE: No yez don't Corporal Duck! (all laugh)

BIRD: (with bayonet) See here, Yank! I'm Corporal Bird!

MIKE: Hould on! I forgot what kind av a damned fowl yez was! (two Confed's seize his arms from behind) Lave go o' me, ye Divils! (Bird searches him, gets German book) Wow! There goes the whole German language!

BIRD: (laughing) Oh, look at the book of Irish tactics!

MIKE: Tactics, ye robber! If yez take a dose av that ye'll think it's tactics, Corporal Hen!

BIRD (shouts) Bird!

MIKE: Poultry! (all laugh) Rade it, Corporal Goose (all laugh) There's one comfort: he'll break his jaw on it!

BIRD: (gets Walt's letter). Hello! What's this?

MIKE: Put that back, ye robber!

BIRD: (reads) Captain Walter Le Roy.

MIKE: Ye thafe! Ye black-guard! Give it back to me! That's a private letter to me Captain, and it's from a rale lady!

BIRD: Oh! It's from a lady, eh? Let's see! (tears it open).

MIKE: Oh, ye robber! If I ever catch yez, I'll make yez think yer pants are lined wid bumble-bees! Don't yez rade that, ye dam Filleloo bird!

BIRD: Shut up! (reads) "My darling Walter." Oh, her darling Walter! Ha, ha, ha!

MIKE: (groans). Oh, ye Divil's chicken! (Simms seen listening)

BIRD: (reading) "Meet me at ten tonight at the old mill. I have something very important to tell you." We'll be there, all right! Ha, ha, ha! (Mike groans). "Your own Katherine." Ha, ha, ha! Who the Devil is Katherine?

MIKE: She was the Empress av Rooshy, ye dam crow!

BIRD: (kicks him) Bird, you infernal Irish Yankee! Call me out of my name again and I'll kick you out of this neck of timber! (Feds. run on L. 1. surprising Confeds. Take arms and give to Fed. prisoners. During this, as soon as attack Mike tackles Bird).

MIKE: Wow! Here's a scrimmage! (trips up Bird, puts haversack on him and sits down on his back).

UN. SERGEANT: Surrender! (bus.) March!

MIKE: Hould on a minute! Here, ye Cookoo! Gimme that letter! (gets it). Ye catbird! (kicks him, trying to get up) Ye canary bird! (kick) Gimme me book av Dutch talk, ye wood-pecker! (N. B. BIRD IS RED-HEADED).

BIRD: (up on feet, mad). See here, you dam Mick, my name's Bird!

MIKE: Oh, ye're a "Bird" YOU are! Ye're the "Early bird." Well, here's where the "Early bird' catches the Divil! Take him away! Take him away! Put that rooster in a coop! (Sergeant motions to go).

BIRD: (L. C.) Wait a minute! Let me smash that Mick!

MIKE: (throwing down coat). Oh, it's a fightin' cock yez are, is it? Let him come! Let me at him! Lave us alone and I'll show yez the most beautiful fight yez ever saw! (soldiers holding them apart).

SERGEANT: Stop this row! March! (taking the prisoners off L. 1.)

BIRD: (going halloos back at Mike) I'll meet you again, some day!

MIKE: Well, if yez do, ye'll think it's rainin' fists, Corporal Duck! (exit soldiers and prisoners L. 1.) (looks at his fist). Bedad! If I ever hit wid that, he wouldn't come down to the ground for three weeks! The thafe! To rade Miss Kate's beautiful letter! The omadahn! Such a swate letter, too! Bedad! I think I'll jist write a letter in poetry to Lena! Let me think! (Looking off L. or facing L. thinking).

LENA: (enters R. 1.) My gracious! I vould like to found Mikey! I didn't saw him for two veeks now vonce. Oh, who dot?

MIKE (thinking) Begorrah, I can't make but one line rhyme!

LENA: Oh, dot vas him! Vat vas he didding vonce also?

MIKE: Aisy, thin! What was that purty verse Mr. Jack used to say to Miss Kate? I'll write that to Lena.

LENA: (laughing to herself) My gracious! He vas wroting me a letter now already vonce!

MIKE: "There was a little girrl and she has a little currl, right in her foehead so haugl.ty; Whin she was good she was very, very good; and whin she was not she 'was naughty!"

LENA: (clasps hands) Oh, dot vas bootiful! (behind him) Wie gates?

MIKE: Wow! (turns. She keeps behind him).

LENA: Who it vas?

MIKE: Lena!

LENA (laughs) Somebody telled you! (Mike kisses her) Of you don't vent away from dot mout' in ten minutes, I vill schream.

MIKE: Oh, Lena! I'm as happy as a young duck in a mud-puddle! Lena darlin' how are yez thin?

LENA: Oh, I vas putty vell. How you vas vonce alreaty?

MIKE: (hugs her). All the better for seein' yez, Swate-heart! I was jist writin' yez a love-letter.

LENA: Yah. I did heared it. Dot vas bootiful.

MIKE (pleased). Yez heard it, did yez, Lena darlin'?

LENA: Yah. Dis iss vat it did saided: "Dere vas a leedle gerl, Und she had a leedle kerl, Right in de between off her eye-prow! (Mike laughs) Ven she vas goot, she vas putty ferry goot; Und ven she vas pad, she vas awful pad!"

MIKE: Well, would yez hear that now! Ha, ha, ha!

LENA (hurt) Vy you make fun by me vonce?

MIKE: (takes her in his arms) Sure, darlin' I'm not makin' fun o' yez! Oh, Lena, I love yez that well I've been waitin' for three years, to ask yez to be my wife.

LENA (looking down): Vel, vat for you vaited? I vish you vould ask me sometime, vonce, putty kvick (quick) I vould telled you: "Yah!"

MIKE: Oh, Lena, Acushla! Sure it's rainin' happiness till I'm soaked through wid it! Will yez be me wife tonight?

LENA (cuddles up to his side). Yah, Mikey dear! I tink dot vould been putty nice, don't it? (picture).

JOE (out R. 1.) Missee Lena! Missee Lena!

LENA: Oh, Py gracions! Dot vas onkle Yoe! (Joe runs on frightened).

JOE: Foh goodness, Missee Lena, am dat you? Bress de Lawd!

MIKE: What's the matter wid yez, Joe?

JOE: Why, you's Mars' Mulhaly! Foh de Lawd, I'se dat bad ske-yahed I putty nigh swallahed mah-self!

MIKE: (laughs) Yez must be awful scart thin!

JOE: Yes, Sah. Yoh see I'se Mars' Kernel Bob's body sahvant: an' he done tell me foh me to keep my eye skun foh Mars' Frank, kase he done low Mars' Frank be gettin' back this evenin', Kase he was over to

de 'hind-quarters. So I snuck 'long, and I snuck 'long fru de timbah: an' jes' den, I done see a Yankee so'ger wif a "swo'd" mor'ne ten foot long!

LENA: My gracious! Vat you did did, Yoe?

JOE: I des snuck in a holloh lawg, an' I des shuck an' shuck so hawd I low I done shuck de bawk all offen dat lawg! (Simms seen listening)

MIKE: Well, Joe, what made yez come out here in the timber?

JOE: I'se a lookin' foh Mars' Frank, Sah. I'se feahed dem Yankee so'gers has done killed him, Sah.

MIKE: No, Joe, he's all right. (Whisper) I saw him a little bit ago and started him home to camp meself.

JOE: (greatly relieved) Bress de Lawd! I done 'low I bettah Le makin' back tracks mah-self! I'se pow'ful ske-yahed dem Yankee so'gers done kotch me, Sah.

MIKE: (mischievously) Joe, I'm a Yankee soldier meself.

JOE: Lawd! Mars' Mulhaly, you isn't one dem Yankees, is yoh?

MIKE: I am that, Joe; and I think I'll jist have to take yez prisoner.

JOE: (falls on knees) Foh de Lawd, Mars' Mulhaly, doan' take a poah ole niggah! Dem Yanks 'ud jes' eat me; an' I'se so ole an' tough, I wouldn't make no good eatin' no how!

LENA: Mikey dear, don't hurted Onkle Yoe! Letted him vent pack!

MIKE: (aside to her) Whist! Lena darlin'! I'll not hurt um.

JOE: (in terror) Mars' Mulhaly, be mussiful to Uncle Joe, a poah, mis'able sinnah!

MIKE (laughing) Get up, Joe, get up! Yez'll wear out the knase av yer pants! I'm not goin' to take yez!

JOE: (gets up) Bress de Lawd! I done lowed I was a gonner, shoah!

MIKE: (points L. I.) Do yez see that road beyant? Well, yez jist foller that and yez'll be inside av the Rebel lines inside av a mile. Kape close to the ground, me 'buccoo', or they may catch yez yit.

JOE: I done stick closah to de groun' dan a ge-ahtah snake! Ef I des doan git dat ske-ahed dat I des shock de whole ground! (stage gradually dark from Joe's entrance).

MIKE (crosses R. of Lena) Come, Lena Acushla. And, Joe, give me respicts to Mr. Rawlins and Mr. Jack, God bless him! Ye're safe if yez stick to that road like a sick kitten to a hot brick! (Exeunt Mike and Lena R. I.)

JOE: (looking after them) Foh de Lawd! I'se mos' ske-ahed to breave! (Simms on L. of him. Joe turns, sees him, falls on knees). Foh de Lawd's sake doan' hu't a poah, ole niggah!

SIMMS: Oh, Joe! It's me—Frank. Get up!

JOE: Praise de Lawd! Mars' Frank, I done 'low it war one ob dem Yanks!

SIMMS: No! You're safe enough. See here. I want you to take a letter to Uncle Bob Rawlins. (writing note).

JOE: (aside) What's de mattah wif Mars' Frank? Him doan' 'pear like hisse'f 'tall; an' him doan' talk like folks frum de Souf.

SIMMS: (gives note) There! Now hustle, Joe!

JOE: Mars' Frank, what's de mattah wif yoh voice, Sah? Him sounds mighty quare.

SIMMS: (bruskly) Oh, I've caught a cold, that's all! Now be off and don't let the grass grow under your feet!

JOE: (crosses L.) Yes Sah. I done hustle, you bet! (exits L.)

SIMMS: Ha, ha, ha! Luck plays into my hand to-day! I'm Frank Rawlins now. I'll catch them all! The girl goes to the old mill, eh? Well, my note to Col. Rawlins will bring him and, perhaps, his son too. He'll be crazy mad. If he kills her, that saves me the trouble; and a couple of shots, in the dark may settle them, and leave me the only heir to the Rawlins wealth! (he exits L. 1, chuckling triumphantly to himself.)

(CHANGE OF SCENE)

SCENE 3.—Interior of Old Mill. Wooden door, (to sash) with bar to it. 3 L. flat.—Window with shutter to close & bar R. flat.—Mill race to wheel-pit curb, (with exit back of it & water effect) R. 3.—Waters to rush down sluice at cue, an noise of waters to work off R.—Door and window both open, moonlight streaming in at opening of scene. Stage totally dark otherwise. Forest backing.

SIMMS: (enters door cautiously, and looks around; in moonlight through window). I thought I saw Marah Kenneth yonder! Curse her! She makes my blood run cold with fear! I'll hide here till midnight and then escape and make my way to Washington. Curse it! Le Roy came upon me before I could get young Rawlins' sword! I have only this pistol, and I dare not fire it for fear of bringing down the Federal scouts. (Marah's face appears outside of window). What was that? (closes window).

MARAH: Ha! I knew it!

SIMMS: (crouching in dark). Damn her!

MARAH: (at door with knife). Ha, ha, ha! John Simms, mad Marah tracks ye like a blood-hound! Where are ye? (she creeps along scene, feeling for him with knife. He circles to front, creeping, till he gets near door and rushes out with a cry of terror. She springs up). Gone! Oh, curse him! curse him! I'll kill him! I'll——(runs out

through door. PAUSE. Whip-poor-will heard in distance, chirp of cricket, wind in the trees, etc.)

KATE: (appearing in door-way). Walter! Walter!—No one here? I thought I heard a voice as I approached. (leans against door). Oh, I am so frightened I can scarcely stand! There! I must be brave! It is to save him,—my Walter, my own Walter! Why is he not here? Can anything have happened to him? Ha! What was that?

WALT: (outside R.) Kate! (he appears at door. She gives low cry and falls into his arms). Don't be frightened, my darling! It is only I, Walter.

KATE: Oh, Walter, my darling!

WALT: Poor Child! You are cold and trembling!

KATE: Oh, I was so frightened, Walter!

WALT: Kate, dear! This was an awful risk for you to run!—To come here alone, at night! Why did you do it?

KATE: (proudly) To save you, Walter! Oh, you know not what a true woman can dare for the man she loves!

WALT: My Kate!

KATE: (nervously) But what if we should be surprised? That steep path is the only approach to the mill!.

WALT: No. This chute goes down to the dry bed of the stream, there; and the road crosses it not fifty yards below. See! (bus.) I'll fasten this sash here, and we can escape this way in case of surprise.

KATE: You are so thoughtful!—But listen, Walter! I must make haste. I came to save you.

WALT: To save me?

KATE: Yes. Col. Waite has never forgiven you for slipping through his fingers, at Charleston, four years ago. He has sworn to have your life.

WALT: I am not afraid of him, Kate.

KATE: Walter, you do not know that man! He will stop at nothing to accomplish his revenge. One of his spies saw you at our house last week.

WALT: What!

KATE: I happened to be on the opposite side of the hedge as he was planning, with his man, to trap you, Walter.

WALT: To trap me? How, Kate?

KATE: Having learned that you love me, Walter, he means to catch you with a decoy letter which he intends to sign with my name, and then to waylay and shoot you when you come to the supposed place of meeting.

WALT: The Scoundrel! I'll catch him in his own trap! (clasps her). My darling Kate! Heaven bless you for a brave and noble woman!

KATE: It was not courage, it was love that gave me strength to

come here. Do you not know a true woman could gladly give her life for one she loves? (starts) Hark! What was that? Horsemen coming down the road! (She springs to door and props it with bar. He fastening window. Lights half down. Sound of horses approaching, then stopping.)

COL. R. (outside) They're here, men.

KATE: My Father!—What shall we do?

WALT: Quick! Down here, then run to the road yonder, and you are safe. I'll hold them at bay and then follow, if possible. But don't wait for me! (She has dropped small throw she wore on head, near C.—During speech he has lowered her down with sash.) Safely down! (He springs to door with back against it, as knock comes. Loud knock).

COL. R. (outside) Open that door!

WALT: Never! Stand back!

COL. R. Who's there?

WALT: A detachment of the United States army. (laugh outside).

COL. R. What! How many of you are there?

WALT: Enough to hold this position!

COL. R. You scoundrel! I know you! I command you to surrender!

WALT: Never! (putting in bar and bracing door with back at same time).

COL. R. Burst in the door, men! (bayonet thrust through door under Walter's arm. He succeeds in barring door, then turns and shoots along bayonet; it is drawn out.)

VOICE (outside) Dam him! I'm wounded!

COL. R. They may escape by the sluice. Turn on the water! (Noise of locks).

WALT: My God! She'll be drowned! No! I can reach her before the flood! (leaps down chute. Noise of waters, then water seen rushing down race and plunging down wheel pit. Door burst in. Col., Jack and soldiers enter).

COL. R. (R. C.—sees sash). Ha, ha! I thought so! (to soldier) Quick! The lower road! Catch him! (several soldiers rush out)—(to soldier) Shut off the waters! (Soldier exits through door, and in a minute, waters stop. Jack has seen Kate's scarf or throw and picked it up, hiding it in coat. Col. sees him).

COL. R. What was that, Sah?

JACK: My handkerchief.

COL. R. (tears it from Jack's breast). Give it to me, Sah! Hers! (to soldiers) Bring that man back, dead or alive! (all soldiers off). This man is caught, alone, at night, within our lines! He shall die the death of a spy!

JACK: (L. C. grabs up sash which Col. has thrown C.) No, he was not in disguise, but wore the Northern uniform!

COL. R. What do you mean?

JACK: A scout is not a spy! He is entitled to all the rights and courtesies of war!

COL. R. Jack, this——

JACK: This is the true Southern Chivalry, that you, yourself, have taught me! To be courteous to a prisoner and just to an enemy!

COL. R. (in rage) What! Would you spare this Yankee hound who has made your sister his——

JACK: Hold! You must not—you shall not say that word!

COL. R. What do you mean?

JACK: I mean you shall not tarnish the fair name of my sister!

COL. R. Sir, I——

JACK: I will defend the honor of our family, even against you! (shouts outside).

COL. R. You are under arrest, Sah! (soldiers enter with Walter).

SOLDIER: We've got him, Sah! (pushes him L. near Jack).

JACK: (aside to him QUICK) Safe?

WALT: (aside to Jack QUICK) Yes!

COL. R. (to soldiers) Put Capt. Rawlins under arrest! (bus) Guard outside, men! I wish to speak with the prisoner alone. (Soldiers with Jack, exit) Speak, Sah! Whom did you come here to meet?

WALT: I refuse to answer.

COL. R. Then I will answer for you, you scoundrel! (holds up Kate's throw). You came to keep an assignation with the woman you had ruined!

WALT (enraged). Recall that word; or, prisoner though I am, I'll——

COL. R. You Cur! You came to meet Kate Rawlins, your—— (Kate bursts through door throwing herself in Walt's arms, as Jack, dragging other soldiers with him, appears in door.)

KATE: His wife! (All stand on picture.)

CURTAIN.

(Mike rings)

SECOND PICTURE: Jack grasping Walt's hand. Col. R.—R. overcome.

ACT III.

Interior of Col. Rawlins' Virginia home.—Large French window, coming to floor, R. C. backed by garden with Virginia lanscape.—Rich curtained alcove, or "Cosy Corner," WITH CURTAINS TO SLIDE ON ROD. with statue of Venus (white marble, life size) seen through open curtains, L. C.— Set doors L. 2. & R 3.—Table, with chair L. of it, R. C.

opposite R. 2.— WALTER discovered L. C. guarded by Bird, near window R. C. Jim Brown near door R. 3.

WALT: Poor Kate! She is crushed by her Father's anger! Come what may, when he knows all, he is too just, too noble to hold resentment against his own child! (To Bird) Corporal, can I speak with my wife, Col. Rawlins' daughter?

BIRD: I am sorry, Captain; but the Colonel's orders are that you be held under close guard and not allowed to communicate with any one. Here comes the Colonel now. Brown, remove the prisoner to that room.

WALT: Can I speak with Col. Rawlins?

BIRD: (crosses L. Walt. R.) I'll ask him, Sah. I reckon you'll have to wait till he's not busy.

WALT: Very well. (exits R. 3. followed by Brown).

COL. R. (enters at window. Bird salutes). Is Captain Rawlins here?

BIRD: No, Sah! When you ordered his release, last night, he went to visit the outposts. I saw him after I made my escape from the Yankees. He intended to return here and report, but he has not come yet, Sah.

COL. R. (troubled) That's strange! What can have detained him? And your prisoner?

BIRD: Is yonder, Sah, under guard.

COL. R. Has he communicated with anyone?

BIRD: No, Sah, but he wants to speak with you.

COL. R. There'll be time enough for that later! Tell my daughter I wish to speak with her. Wait within hearing of the bell, Sah.

BIRD: (salutes) Yes, Sah. (exits with orders, L. 2.)

COL. R. (sits L. of table). This scoundrel has forced himself into my family, abused my hospitality and made my child forget her duty to me and to her proud race! I will show him no mercy!

KATE (enters L. 2.) Father!

COL. R. I am amazed that you dare address me by that name! .. You, the first woman of your race who has defied a father's command and brought upon the proud Rawlins' name, the shame of a clandestine marriage with an adventurer!

KATE (proudly) Father, your anger makes you unjust! Capt. Le Roy is an honorable gentleman! When you know all, you will recall those words.

COL. R. Never! Gentleman indeed! Honorable! He has abused my hospitality by making you, my child, forget your obedience to me, forget that you were a Daughter of the South, and a foe to her foes,— forget that you were a Rawlins of Virginia! We will see if a Southern prison cannot tame the ardor of this Yankee fortune-hunter!

KATE: Father! Walter is no fortune-hunter! But for his courage and faith, the wealth, of which you boast, would be scattered to the winds, and you to-day, a poor man!

COL. R. (surprised) What do you mean?

KATE: I mean that this noble man has shielded your child from rudeness and perhaps, from insult and even worse! I mean that he has saved our old home, where we were born;—where I played, when a child;—where my dear mother died! It is through his protecting influence that we are, to-day, standing beneath its dear old roof and not among its smouldering ruins!

COL. R. (astonished) Explain yourself!

KATE: Daily the Northern lines drew nearer to the old home. It was the property of a Southern officer. It could have but one fate; it would be destroyed, the plantation laid waste, the slaves scattered and Heaven alone knows what might have been my fate! Walter, realizing my danger came out, at night, through the Federal lines and across a country whose every foot was fraught with danger to him—sought me out, showed me that my only protection was as the wife of a Federal officer. We were married, by our old pastor, and Walter left the altar to return to his lines. There, powerful influence enabled him to procure an order protecting his wife and her property. The Northern army came, but we were safe amid the devastation that surrounded us. This is the story, briefly told. You know the danger which surrounded us, and from which his brave devotion saved us. This is the gentleman whom you have called a fortune-hunting adventurer!

COL. R. (thoughtfully) And you love this young soldier, Kate?

KATE: (proudly) Better than my life!

COL. R. But why did you run that fearful risk by going to the old mill, alone, at night, between the hostile armies?

KATE: He came at my request. I went to save his life.

COL. R. (surprised) His life?

KATE: Yes. I overheard Col. Waite plan to lure him outside the Northern lines and assassinate him.

COL. R. Fortunately that danger is past. Col. Waite is dead.

KATE: (surprised) Dead?

COL. R. Yes. Killed by a shell, from which, in terror, he was vainly trying to escape. He died, as he had lived; a bully and a coward!

KATE: (drops on knees beside him) Father!

COL. R. (kisses her) Kate! My child!

KATE: Then you forgive me, Father?

COL. R. Forgive you, Honey! You are a brave, true woman. I have misjudged you and Capt. Le Roy. I beg your pardon and his.

KATE: (eagerly) And you will release him, Father?

COL. R. (gravely) I have no authority to release a prisoner of

war.

KATE (in despair) What! You would send him to prison?

COL. R. I must!—unless he escapes!

KATE: (clutches at idea) Escapes?

COL. R. (rising) Wait in the alcove, here, (leading her to it) and do not come out until I leave the room. (kisses her. STATUE SEEN. Closes curtains, returns to table, puts on hat, taps bell. Bird enters L. 2. salutes). Bring in your prisoner. (Bird goes to D. R. 3 brings in Walt. Brown following. Kate's face seen at curtains, for an instant, by audience only, then disappears.)

WALT: Colonel Rawlins,——

COL. R. (sternly) Presently, Sah. Corporal, order Joe to bring my horse, Devil, to the door, and hold him fast! If he got away, there's not a horse here can get within sight of him, and the Federal lines are only two miles up that North road. (Bird exits L. 2.) (To Brown) Retire, Sah. (he exits R. 3)

WALT: Col. Rawlins, for your child's sake, I must speak——

COL. R. (kindly; raising hand) One moment, Capt. Le Roy! I believed you had induced my child to disobey me and to compromise the honor of her family by a clandestine marriage. You can understand, Sah, the bitterness of a father's heart, under such circumstances. (Walt. starts to speak, Col. R. raises hand) Wait a little, Sah. Kate has told me the whole truth, and has taught me what I owe you for your manly protection of my child and this dear, old home, hallowed by so many tender and sacred memories. With all my pride, Sah, when I find myself in the wrong, I am not too proud to acknowledge my error. Capt. Le Roy, I beg your pardon, Sah; and, more than that; I thank you from the depths of my heart, Sah! (Grasps Walt's hand).

WALT: (shakes hands warmly). You owe me no thanks, Col. Rawlins. I did no more than any true man would do for the sake of the lady he loved and honored.

COL. R. I know my duty, Sah! I owe an apology to the chivalrous gentleman I have misjudged, and my gratitude to the benefactor who has protected my child and my home. I regret that, as a Confederate officer I am compelled to hold you as a prisoner of war,—unless you are fortunate enough to escape, Sah! I shall, therefore, not put you on your honor not to TRY to escape, should an opportunity present itself. So you will not find yourself held by a cartel, which, as an officer and a gentleman, I know you would respect.

WALT: I would gladly give my word to——

COL. R. (stopping him). And I should refuse to allow it, Sah! You were caught, within our lines; not in the capacity of a Federal officer, but as a private individual, seeking an interview with your wife, Sah. You have no right to throw away your chance of liberty, Sah!

WALT: (smiles) Thank you, Colonel!

COL. R. Excuse me, Sah, a moment! (goes to table).

WALT: Certainly Colonel.

COL. R. (rings bell, Brown enters R. 3. salutes). I wish you, Sah, to learn what has become of Capt. Jack Rawlins. It may be necessary for you to enter the Northern lines; but I know your courage and your devotion to him, and that you would gladly accept this dangerous mission for his sake.

BROWN (earnestly) Yes, Colonel! I would go through anything for Capt. Jack!

COL. R. (kindly) I know it Brown! The countersign is "Stonewall Jackson." Make haste.

BROWN: (salutes) Yes, Colonel. (going R. 3.)

COL. R. Take the West road. (Brown salutes & exits R. 3. Col. R. turns, starts). Oh, I forgot that you were there, Sah. Did you hear me give that man the countersign?

WALT: Yes, Sir.

COL. R. (dryly) Mighty stupid of me to speak it in the hearing of the enemy, I reckon.

WALT: Have no fear, Colonel! Were I free, I should not make use of a secret learned under your roof.

COL. R. Hum!—Well!—That is,—I mean, not tell it for anyone to use to ENTER our lines.

WALT: Certainly, not, Colonel.

COL. R. (removes coat and lays it on chair) It's mighty warm. Excuse me, Sah, for removing my coat! (looks at Walt.) and hat, Sah! (N. B. WALT. HAS NO HAT.)

WALT: (laughs) Why, Colonel! You are treating me more as a guest than a prisoner.

COL. R. (dryly). You are both, Sah,—in a way; you came here AT MY INVITATION. (Both smile)

WALT: (dryly) Yes. I believe I did!

COL. R. (looks out of window L. C.) I hope that lazy, old, black scoundrel, Joe, won't go to sleep and let my horse get away. You see, Sah, he's a Kentucky racer,—the best from the Blue Grass region; and if, anyone should take a notion to ride him off, there's not a piece of horse-flesh in the army that could over-take him! (crosses L.) Will you excuse me, Sah?

WALT: Certainly, Col. Rawlins; but, before you go, I want to thank you, in behalf of Kate and myself, for your foregiveness——

COL. R. You owe me nothing, Sah. (Shakes hands) Goodbye, my boy! That is, I mean Good Morning! You will kindly report to your guard, in here, Sah. (Motions to alcove and crosses L. 2. Walt bows and opens curtains, facing statue).

KATE: Walter! (Col. R. pretends not to hear and exits, with smile, L. 2. Kate out).

WALT: Kate! My wife! (they embrace)

KATE: (hurriedly) Quick, Walter! You have not a moment to lose! You must escape while the coast is clear!

WALT: Escape? But Col. Rawlins——

KATE: You dear old stupid! Don't you understand? He cannot release you, but he would not put you on your honor not to escape; told you where the Federal lines were; ordered his horse there and left his coat and hat for you, and let you learn the countersign. Don't you see it is his wish?

WALT: Yes. Good-bye, Darling! (kisses her).

KATE: Snatch the reins from Joe and be off! (he rushes out at window, Kate following)

JOE: (outside). Here! Hole on dar! Dat's—— (silence. Horses hoofs heard dying away in distance).

KATE: (appears, dragging Joe in at window, hand on his mouth). Joe! Shut up! Keep still!

JOE: (loud) But de man done stole Mars' Rawlins' hawse——

KATE: Silence, Joe!

JOE: But Mars' Bob's hawse——

KATE: Be still, I tell you!

JOE: But dat hawse——

KATE: Joe!

JOE: But, Missee Kate! De hawse——

KATE: (puts hand on his mouth, threatens him. Joe points off through window. Col. R. enters L. 2.)

COL. R. Joe you black rascal! What's all this fuss about?

JOE: (breaks away from Kate and drops on knees to Col. R.) Oh, Mars' Rawlins! Mars' Rawlins! I was standin' dar, a holdin' Debble, an' a pow'ful big man, mor'n ten feet high, done grab de reins outen my hands and done gib me a shove ober de grass and——

COL. R. Why, you lazy nigger, you dreamed that, I reckon. You went to sleep and let Devil get away.

JOE: Deed I didn't, Mars' Rawlins! Cross my heart! Cross my breaf free times! I done see de man. He look jes like Mars' Le Roy, 'ceptin' he 'bout fouh times as big, an' he done weah de Confedyut unicorn.

COL. R. (aside) Escaped, eh? (aloud, dryly) You have let a prisoner escape, Joe. You'd better not say anything about it, or the Confederates will hang you.

JOE: (frightened) Foh de Lawd! Mars' Rawlins, I'll nebber say a word, Sah! Good Lawd! Hang a niggah! (exits L. 2.) (Col. R. sits, laughing to himself).

KATE: (throws arms around him) Father! You're so good!

COL. R. (blustering) Good? Hump! Why? Because your pet Yankee stole my horse, I reckon!

KATE: Father!

COL. R. (puts his arm around her and kisses her). Kate! My bonnie Kate! (enter Brown, through window. Salutes) Well Brown, what news?

BROWN: I couldn't find Capt. Jack, or hear a word about him, Sah; so I slipped into the Yankee lines and found out that he had been surprised and captured, last night, Sah.

COL. R. & KATE: What!

KATE: Brother Jack captured?

COL. R. Could you find out where he is?

BROWN: No Sah,—not yet. I slipped back to tell you; but I'm goin' back, as soon as it's dark, and I'll find him or never come back alive! He saved my life, in battle, Colonel; and I'm not the man to forget it!

KATE: Poor Jack!

COL. R. Never fear, Honey! He's in no danger. He will be honorably treated as a prisoner of war.

BROWN: (takes out letter). Here is a letter for you, Colonel. I got it from an old darkey who was asking for you, Sah.

KATE: (eagerly) It may be something about Jack!

COL. R. (opens it and reads) "Col. Rawlins. Your nephew, Lieut. Frank Rawlins, has been captured by the Federals, and is held, under a light guard, at Locust Grove. A Nameless Friend."—What! Frank too? Perhaps they have sent Jack there, also. (to Brown) Find out, if possible, where Jack is; and I will be ready to start, with a scouting party, as soon as I get your report. We may be able to rescue them yet.

BROWN: Yes, Sah. I'll start at once and creep across the lines as soon as I see an opening. (exits R. 3.)

KATE: (with emotion). Jack a prisoner! What can be done?

COL. R. (going with her L. 2.) Courage, dear! We can do nothing, I reckon, till Brown gets back. We must be patient, Honey! We must wait and be patient. (exeunt L. 2.)

LENA: (enters, at window, half laughing, half crying; rubs herself as if hurt). Oh, my gracious, dot vas shoost awful! I did tried to petted dot old ram-sheep, und he bunted me also! Oh, I vas sorry all ofer myself in spots! Und I haf got de ache-head! (Bird enters at window) Wie gates, Meester——Oh, oxscoose me! I forgot to reccolmember vat vas your name vonce already.

BIRD: (points through window) What's that, out there, in the tree?

LENA: Oh! Dot iss a fogle! Yah! I know! Meester Fogle!

BIRD: No! That's a bird!

LENA: Aber it iss fogle in Sherman.

BIRD: Well, I aint IN GERMAN! My name's Bird! (Lena rubs herself.) What's the matter? Got the rheumatiz?

LENA: Oh, dot pad sheeps! He bumped me mit his head! Aber, ven I got ober de fence oud, I telled him vat I tink pout dot peesness. Aber he runned on do onder side, py de fence up und down; und, putty kweek, he step py a pumple-pee family on top; und, py gracious! You ought to did saw vat he vas didding vonce! He runned und he shumped up und he rolled ober und he holler: "Pad! Pad!" Und dem pumple-pees dey pited (bited) him some more, und he falled ober de pank inside of de vater also. Und ven he comed oud, he vas so shamed mit himself as never vas!

BIRD: (laughing) Ha, ha, ha! That was funny!

LENA: (laughs) You vould hurted your own self mit laughing, off you did sawed dot sheeps, Meester Fogle.

BIRD: See here! My Name's Bird! And don't you forget it, 'Dutchy!' (exits R. 3.)

LENA: (very angry) Oh, du lumpay! du stuntay! Du bist ferrick! He did called me 'Dutchy!' Oh, py gracious! Dot makes me awful mad vonce!

MIKE: (blackened up, enters cautiously, through window. Sees Lena). It's Lena! Oh, Lena, me darlint! (tries to embrace her).

LENA: (dodges, fighting him off) Go vay, you pad, black nigger-man! Go vay! Got oud!

MIKE: Don't yez know me, swate-heart?

LENA: (angry) I vas not your sweet-heart, you nasty plack pig! Oh, dot makes me awful mat ein onder time! I vill hitted you! (Slaps him. He runs around, dodging her, toward D. L. 2.) Took dot! Und dot, und smoke dot in your pipe! Du Lumpay! (chasing and hitting him, he runs into Joe, who enters L. 2. Hits him in stomach and doubles him up, and dodges behind him. Lena hitting Joe.)

JOE: Foh de Lawd! Missee Lena! Missee Lena! What foh you wallup ole Joe? I aint done nuffin, Missee Lena!

LENA: Oh, my gracious, Onkle Yoe! Was dot you vat I hitted?

JOE: (rubs himself) Yes, it was me! (sees Mike) See hyre, yoh mis'able, low-down niggah! What you mean a bumpin inter a house sarvant? You ig'nant, unedificated field hands doan know nuffin! Wha's yoh politeness to yoh bettahs? Wha's yoh mannahs?

MIKE: (scared at Joe's noise) Whist! Begorrah! Joe! Aisy thin! Kape still, ye omadahn!

JOE: (recognizes him) Foh de Lawd! It's Mars' Mulhaly!

LENA: Vat! Iss dot Mikey? Oh, Mikey! mein lieberschatz! (hugs and kisses him. Get's black on her face). Vas dot you vat I did schlapt?

MIKE: Yes, and I'm sorry it was!

LENA: Vell, dot's all right now vonce. Dis iss you, Mikey, vat I did hug!

MIKE: Yes, and I'm glad it is!

LENA: Oh, Mikey! So vas I already vonce!

MIKE: Wow! I thought I heard a noise! Look and see if there's anybody round. (Lena runs out of window. Joe out of L. 2.) Oh, bedad! I must have some place to hide if any av the Jonnies come! (opens curtains. Sees statue. Closes curtains and puts hands over face.) Wow! Begorrah! I beg your pardon, Ma'am! I didn't know yez was there! (pause) Wow! But aint she a beauty! (pause) Oh, begob! Ther'd have been the divil to pay if Lena had caught me, thin, talkin' to the lady there! She never said a word! (starts to peep. Lena re-enters at window).

LENA: (when she starts to speak, Mike jumps away from curtains) Dere don't vas anypody round.

MIKE: Lena darlint, kape watch out there and whistle if yez see anyone coming.

LENA: (going) I don't can vistled aber I can hollert!

MIKE: All right, Lena, that will do; but kape watch.

LENA: Dot iss all right, Mikey. I vill look putty goot oud vonce. (exits at window)

JOE: (enters L. 2) Dar aint nobody dar, Sah. Foh de Lawd, Mars' Mulhaly, what you-all doin' heyah?

MIKE: Sure, Joe, I want to find Capt. Walter.

JOE: Lawd, man, he done gwine 'way!

MIKE: Gone! To prison?

JOE: No, Sah. He done 'scaped to dem Yankees.

MIKE: Escaped? I must find him quick!

JOE: No Sah. Mars' Mulhaly! Dey'll kotch yoh an' hang yoh shore! You-all bettah hide down 'mong de cullud folks quahtahs twell dawk.

MIKE: Divil a bit, Joe! Thim Rebels will think I'm a nager!,

JOE: (laughs) Yah, yah! You-all doan' talk like cullud folks. I done know yoh by yoh talk, Mars' Mulhaly. Dey done spect 'mejitly, dat you-all's Irish.

MIKE: Divil fly away wid me brogue! Sure, thin, I'll have to be deaf and dumb! I'll have to make signs, bedad! Wow! There's somebody coming where'll I hide?

JOE: (hustles him toward alcove) In heyre!

MIKE: No! There's a lady in there takin' a bath! (rushes toward L. 2. Joe falls, Mike meets Col. R. entering L. Retires R. Joe skips out of the window.)

COL. R. Who are you and what are you doing here? (Mike sticks

out his tongue and makes signs that he is deaf and dumb) (Col. R. shakes him.) What do you mean, you black rascal? You're up to some devilment, I reckon.

MIKE: Ouch! Quit, yer Honor! Don't yez see I can't spake a word? Begorrah, I'm deaf and dumb entirely.

COL. R. Yes, I see you are, you Irish spy!

MIKE: Bedad I'm a nager! Sure what made yez think I was Irish?

COL. R. Why, your brogue! You can cut it with a knife.

MIKE: (aside) Divil take me brogue! (aloud) Sure I'm a nager, but me father and mother was Irish.

COL. R. (laughs) Oh! I see. (touches bell. Guard enters.) Arrest this man. He's a spy.

MIKE: I'm not a spy, Sor. I came here to find me Captain.

COL. R. Who is he?

MIKE: Captain Walter Le Roy, Sor.

COL. R. He has gone. What did you want with him?

MIKE: Don't yez know me, Mr. Rawlins? I'm Mike Mulhaly. I wanted to help him escape and git back in time to save your son, Mr. Jack.

COL. R. (alarmed) Save Jack? Speak quick! What do you mean?

MIKE: Sure they captured him last night, and some thafe sint thim word that Mr. Jack's resignation had never been accepted, at Washington; and that made him a deserter from the Union army, and they'll shoot him at sun set, unless Capt. Walter can save him. (Kate enters L. 2.)

COL. R. (in agony) What! Shoot Jack! My boy! My boy! (Kate runs to him).

KATE: Father! What is this? Tell me!

COL. R. (clasps her to his breast) My poor girl!

KATE: (wildly) Father! For mercy sake, tell me! What is it about Jack?

COL. R. My poor Kate! How can I tell her!

KATE: Tell me! Is—is Jack in danger?

COL. R. Yes!

KATE: Oh, Father! What is it?

COL. R. He is held as a deserter from the United States Army, and sentenced to be shot at sun-set!

KATE: (sinks in chair. Buries her face on table). Oh, my poor brother Jack! My darling brother! God help you! God help you! (sobs)

COL. R. (to guard). Conduct this man, in safety, through our lines. (Mike and guard up to window).

KATE (runs up, seizing Mike's hand). Tell Jack his sister is praying for him!

MIKE (with feeling) I will, Miss Kate, if they kill me for it! (exit with guard through window. She sinks on knees by window.)

KATE: Oh, Jack, my brother! God help you and pity us! Poor boy! Poor boy! (She weeps).

COL. R. (raises her tenderly) My child! My Kate! Your brother is a soldier and a brave man. He has laid his life upon the altar of our sacred cause; and, if Heaven demands this sacrifice, let us bear it bravely and calmly.

KATE: (starting up) Calm! What! When the setting of that sun means the death of my darling brother, our good, brave, noble Jack? Oh, I see it all! The row of gleaming muskets, poor Jack, standing there, before them,—One last whispered prayer to Heaven; your name and mine and our dead mother's on his lips, then the fatal word, the deadly volley and my poor brother weltering in his blood! (Falls on knees, sobbing on table).

COL. R. (sinks in chair) Oh, God! Have mercy on my children! My poor brave boy!—My sweet Kate!

KATE: My brother! My brother!

COL. R. Kate, my darling child!

KATE: (buries face in Father's breast). Father!

COL. R. Honey, when your dear mother died, I drew my two little motherless children closer to my aching heart, and bound the cords of love closer about us. We had learned life's saddest lesson; that across the love-guarded threshold of that holiest temple, Home, the Death-shadow could fall!

KATE: FATHER!

COL. R. Today, darling, we must draw closer still, for we are all alone! Alone! (horse heard in distance).

KATE: Oh, Jack, would I could give my life for you!

COL. R. Hark! What is that? (horse stops and Jack enters at window, with Brown; soldiers following).

BOTH: Jack!

KATE: (rushes to him). Thank God! Thank God!

COL. R. (grasping his hand). Jack! Alive!

JACK: Easy! Poor Brown, he's wounded!

COL. R. Brown?

JACK: (lowers him on his knee). Yes. Get the surgeon. (soldier exits) He learned where I was, slipped into the tent, grasped my hand, told me to be ready to run, and, before I could ask his plan, dashed out, past the guard, gave the Rebel yell and started for our lines. The guard started after him. I sprang to the door of the tent. There was the rattle of muskets and I saw him stagger and fall. At that instant,

Walter dashed up on Devil, sprang to the ground, and, in the confusion, swung me to the saddle. In a flash, I was away, past the guards! I dragged poor Jim up in front of me, and we off, the minie balls cutting the leaves around us, and here we are. (To Brown) Jim! Look up, old comrade! You'll soon be all right!

BROWN: Yes, Cap'n, it won't be long now, I reckon.

JACK (alarmed) What do you mean, Jim?

BROWN: A fellah that's tried to do his duty to God and man, when the end comes, he'll be mighty nigh all right!

JACK: (eagerly). No! Jim, old man! You shan't die!

BROWN: 'Taint no use, Cap'n. It's all right, though; fur it brung you through!

JACK: (wildly) My God, Jim! You must not give your life for me!

BROWN: (smiles) Jack, you'd ha' given yours for me that day you dragged me from under the horses' feet and cut your way through the yanks, to our lines! I swore I'd pay you back, Jack, and I have!

COL. R. (deeply moved) Don't give up. Courage Jim!

BROWN: Oh, I aint skeered, Sah, or I wouldn't be a soldier, if I was afeared to die.

KATE: (at his head) Oh, you must not,—shall not die! We must save him!

BROWN: (smiles) Thank ye, Miss; 'Taint no use, though, I'm going fast. Keep nigh me, Miss; Wimmen's a 'most like angels when a fellah's dying'. You'll tell my poor old mother, won't ye?

KATE: Yes, Jim! I will! I will!

BROWN: Break it kind o' gentle to her, though; and tell her I died like a soldier and a man!

JACK: (weeping) Poor Jim.

BROWN: Gimme yer hand, Jack! (bus) God Bless ye, Jack! I—Ah! (dies).

KATE (kisses his forehead). For his old mother's sake! Oh, God! Deal gently with him! Like the dear Christ, he died, that those he loved might live! (picture and Curtain). MIKE RINGS.

SECOND PICTURE: Kate on knees, covering him with Confederate flag.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. Wild mountain scene in 4. Early morning. Simms as a federal Capt. Talking to Corporal. C. several soldiers R. at back.

SIMMS: I have positive information that two Rebel officers intend entering our lines, near this place, probably in disguise. Have the men scatter and remain concealed and be prepared to close in on anyone

who looks suspicious, but without alarming them. They are dangerous spies and must be captured.

CORP. (salutes) Yes, Sir. Come men! (they exit R. U. E.)

SIMMS: That decoy letter is sure to bring them both into my hands! How the Devil Jack Rawlins ever escaped being shot as a deserter I cannot see. I sent them word that his resignation had not been accepted. Where did he get that horse? My plan was well laid, but it failed. But this one cannot fail! I'll get them both and finish them this time myself! Ha, ha, ha! (Exits R. I.)

(Col. R. & Jack with large drovers coats, enter cautiously, L. U. E.)

COL. R. Well, it's mighty strange, the letter said at Locust Grove. Can it be a trap?

JACK: I hardly think so. Poor Frank is missing, and I fear he has been captured. The letter was certainly from someone who knew Frank and his relation to us. Besides, what object would anyone have in laying such a scoundrelly trap for us in particular?

COL. R. Still, there are no prisoners held at Locust Grove, and there have been none there, as there would be traces of their camp, and here are none. That letter lied. It looks suspicious, Jack.

JACK: That's so. But such a villainous trick would show that we had a bitter personal enemy in the federal ranks, which is not so. Besides the prisoners may have been removed from Locust Grove.

COL. R. In that case there would have been traces of their stay there, and there are none.

JACK: Yes. That's what puzzles me. (Looks R. U.) Hello! (Corp. enters R. U.)

COL. R. (imitating manner of mountaineer) Howdy, Stranger! Hev you-all seed any stray mew-els in this neck o' timber? We-uns hes lost three mew-els—a ole gray cuss, lop-eared in the nigh ear, an' two black 'uns one of 'em 'ith his off hind hoof hurt an' his tail cut off.

CORP. (sizing them up. Aside) They can't be the men. (Aloud) No, I aint seen 'em. Where you fellers from?

COL. R. Wal, Stranger, we live over thar, on Hickory Run, yander. 'Bout foah mile b'low whar that saw-mill was that you-uns burned down. Say, Stranger, hev you-all got any chawing terbacker?

CORP. (gives plug) Here ye are.

COL. R. (cuts off bite) 'Bleeged ter ye, Stranger! (to Jack) Have a chaw, Bill? (Jack shakes his head. Col. gives back plug.) Much 'Bleeged!

CORP. That's all right. (aside, crossing L. I.) They're not our men. They're jes' Moon-shiners, I believe.

COL. R. (crosses R. C. with Jack). See here, Stranger, I'll give you-uns a dollar a head,—Wal, I don't mind makin' it a dollar an' two levvy, ef you-all'll take it out in 'taters, ef you-all find them mew-els

fur me. I low they aint wuth sich a pow'ful sight mown that.

CORP: (laughs) All right, Daddy. I'll keep my eye peeled fur "Them mew-els"! Ha, ha, ha! (exits L. 1.)

JACK: By Jove! That was a close call! Why, Father, you're a wonder!

COL. R. That's nothing, Jack. I reckon I know these mountaineers better than they know themselves. But come! We must get back inside of our lines. (Start R. enter Simms & Soldiers R. 3.)

SIMMS: Halt! Who are you fellows?

COL. R. Wal, ye see, Stranger,——

JACK: (sees Simms' face) Frank!

SIMMS: Ha! We have them, men! (levels pistol) Throw up your hands!

COL. R. Frank Rawlins!

SIMMS: At your service! So! You walked right into the trap, did you?

COL. R. What! That letter——

SIMMS: (laughing) Was from me!

COL. R. What does this mean, Sah?

SIMMS: It means that you have been captured, in disguise, inside of our lines.

COL. R. YOUR lines? Frank Rawlins, have you joined the Federal Army, Sah?

SIMMS: I most certainly have, Uncle.

COL. R. (in rage) You scoundrel! You are not only a traitor to the cause to which you have sworn allegience, but you treacherously try to trap your own family, who, through their affection for you, when they are risking their lives to rescue you!

SIMMS: Enough of this! You are my prisoners.

JACK: You dog! (reaches for pistol; Simms fires. Jack staggers to knees. Col. R. grabs him up and backs with drawn revolver)

COL. R. Throw up your hands. (Simms and soldiers obey. Corp. has re-entered behind him. Knocks his hand down and grabs arms. Soldiers spring on him and disarm him, and Jack.)

SIMMS: Ha, ha, ha! Well done, men! Now, you old Devil! We've got you! You are spies, and you know what to expect!

JACK: (staggers up). You lie! We came to rescue you, you traitor!

SIMMS: Ha, ha, ha! That was a clever trick! Now, you infernal Rebels, you can say your prayers as we march; for I swear you have not an hour to live! Bind them, men!

COL. R. (bursting from guards, knocks Simms down). You cur! (Bending over Simms. Soldiers holding him and Jack——PICTURE. Close in)

A. 4. SCENE 2. Front scene in woods. Mike & Lena enter from R. 1. Lena has sun-bonnet pushed back on neck.—

MIKE: And so, Lena darlint, yez came all the way to see me, did yez?

LENA: (R. of him) Yah, Mikey. I haf sometings goot to tole you, mein lieberschatz!

MIKE: Oh, Lena, acushla! You're the jewel of the World! (kisses her. She pushes him away.)

LENA: Oh, my gracious, Mikey! Put avay your mout' already vonce! Oh, Mikey your whitskers scratch! (feels his chin) Oh, dot iss vorser dan de finger nails o: a kitten-katz!

MIKE: Oh, Swate-heart! (starts to embrace her).

LENA: Go vay vonce! My mout' iss so red like ven I eaded oud off de mule-berry tree! (He grabs her). Aber, off you must kiss me, Mikey, kiss me my fingers between. (kiss through fingers.) Much opliged!

MIKE: Don't mention it!

LENA: Oh, Mikey! I haf de almost whole vay runned to tole you. I haf such goot news from de Fader-land got also vonce.

MIKE: What is is,. Darlin'? (PLAY THIS FOR NATURAL PATHOS, NOT COMEDY)

LENA: Mikey, ven I mit mein pap und mama comed on de sea-ocean oud und rode on de big sheep.——

MIKE: Rode on a big sheep?

LENA: No! Not on a ram-sheep aber a steam sheep!

MIKE: Oh! the ship.

LENA: Yah, de sheep! Vell, my Fader he go died, und dey pury (bury) him in de ocean between, und Mama und me, ve cry all de time!

MIKE: Poor little Lena!

LENA: Und ven ve to America comed, my poor Mama she don't schmiled any more und she get so seek, und she get veaker und veaker, und den some vicked feller stealed all de money, und ve haf notting to pay mit a doctor, und notting to eat!

MIKE: Oh, the thafe! The black-guard!

LENA: Und Miss Kat-rine she find us und she tooked such goot care off my poor Mama!

MIKE: Sure, she's an angel!

LENA: Den my Mamma gif Miss Kat-rine some papers, und she go died too! (Lena cries).

MIKE (almost crying) There, don't cry, me poor little Lena! Don't cry!

LENA (dried her eyes) Oh, I could not help it vonce. De tears vill sometimes demselfs come. Vell, Miss Kat-rine tooked me home und vas so kind mit me, und she writed von letter met de Kaiser oud, und

she send de bapers vat my poor Mamma haf gif to her, und den ve vait und vait, und now she haf anonder letter from de Kaiser pack got, und some bapers mit pig stamps on mit, und dey vas all in Deutsch, und dey telled dot I vas Baroness Lena Von Schmatzenwicks!

MIKE: Howly Smoke! Little Lena a Baroness!

LENA: Yah, dot's vat it iss.

MIKE: (sadly) Thin it's all up wid me, I suppose! Ye'll drop me like a monkey will a hot potato!

LENA shyly) Whisper mit your ear out vonce.

MIKE (puts down ear) What is it, darlin'?

LENA (in his ear): I loaf you!

MIKE: Lena! (starts to kiss her.)

LENA: (turns down top of head quick): Dem vitskers! (he kisses her on top of head).

MIKE: Oh, Lena! And yez will marry me anyway?

LENA: Yah, Mikey dear, shust de same. Den you vill been von Baron!

MIKE: Wow! I niver thought o' that! I'll be Baron Mike Von Mulhaly Schmatzenwicks! Oh, bedad! I'll never be able to say me whole name in the one day! I'll have to wear it on a card, on me back, like a sandwich man!

LENA: (laughs) Yah! Dot vould peen funny!

MIKE (puzzled) Begorrah, Lena, I'm an Irish b'y, and an American soldier and a German Baron! What the Divil am I anyway?

LENA: You peen my huspand, Mikey.

MIKE: Wow! (grabs edges of sun-bonnet & kisses her, both heads hid in bonnet).

LENA: (in bonnet, kicking Mike's shins) Oh, dem vitskers! dem vitskers! (Union Soldier enters L. 1.)

SOLDIER: Hello! (Mike turns quick, Lena hides behind him, peeps under his arm).

MIKE: Hello yerself!

SOLDIER (laughing) So, you've captured a prisoner too!

MIKE: What's that to yez? Ye omadahn!

SOLDIER: Well, we've just caught two of 'em; two Rebel spies, in disguise. One of 'em is that dare-devil raider, Col. Bob Rawlins..

MIKE: (aghast) What!

SOLDIER: Yes, and the other is his son!

MIKE: Oh, ye Divils!

SOLDIER: (crossing R. Mike & Lena turn). Yes. It's a great catch. They'll be shot as spies. (exit R. 1.)

MIKE: Oh, Murther and 'Ouns! The Colonel and Mr. Jack to be shot as spies! Wow! What's to be done now?

LENA: Oh, dot iss awful!

MIKE: Quick, Lena! Tell Miss Kate!

LENA: (goes L.) Yah! I vill all de vay run! (exit L. 1.)

MIKE: Wow! What'll I do? We must hustle like a cow's tail in fly time! (Walt. enters R. 1.) Oh, Capt. Walter! I'm that glad I've found yez——

WALT: And I'm glad I've found you, Mike. Here! (gives large envelope)

MIKE: What's this, Captain?

WALT: Ah, Mike! Honors will come to the brave! It's your commission as Captain.

MIKE: Oh, the Saints bless ye, Capt. Walter! Sure, it's some of your doin's! Oh, but, begorrah! There's no time to think o' me now! Col. Rawlins and Mr. Jack are captured, and they're goin' to shoot 'em as spies!

WALT: What!

MIKE: Oh, sure, it's the bad truth! What can we do to save 'em?

WALT: (turns R.) I'm off to Head-quarters. Quick! Go to them, Mike! Prevent that execution till I get there!

MIKE: (crossing L.) How?

WALT: Any way! I care not how! But prevent it! (exit R. 1.)

MIKE: I will! (quick exit L. 1.)

CHANGE OF SCENE.

SCENE 3. Landscape, with distant camp, 1 mile away. Jack and Col. R. on L. C. as prisoners, with guard R. of them, and above them. Simms C. and soldiers at rest down R.—

SIMMS: You two, disguised as non-combatants, have been captured within our lines. By the laws of war, you are spies and can expect no mercy.

COL. R. (proudly) We ask none, Sah! of a renegade, who could disgrace the proud name of his father by being a traitor to his race and cause.

SIMMS: I regret that my duty as a soldier compels me to become your executioner, Uncle Robert.

COL. R. Dare you, Sah, address me by that title? You are a stranger to me, Sah!

SIMMS: What!

COL. R. You have disgraced the uniform of the South and betrayed her righteous cause with a Judas kiss! You have shamed the proud and stainless name of Rawlins and your birth as a Southern gentleman! Thank God my brother did not live to see his son's infamy!

SIMMS: Have a care! Your lives are in my hands!

COL. R. So was our family's honor! How have you kept that

trust?

JACK: Can you be be Frank Rawlins? Father, do not waste words on this degenerate whelp! (to Simms) What do you intend to do?

SIMMS: (in rage) To shoot you like dogs, you sneaking spies!

COL. R. Who made you our judge? I demand our rights as soldiers, to a fair trial.

SIMMS: A spy has no rights. You die!

KATE: (runs on L. 1. and into Col's arms) Father! Jack!

BOTH: Kate!

COL. R. My God! My child! Why are you here?

KATE: Why? Oh, Father! Brother Jack! To save you, if I can! (Turns to Simms) Oh, Sah,—(sees his face) Frank!

SIMMS: At your service, Cousin Kate.

KATE: (amazed) Frank! In that uniform! You, who swore faith to our holy cause! You?

SIMMS: I have borne too many insults on that score already, Cousin Kate. Your taunts are but poor pleas for mercy.

COL. R. You scoundrel! We scorn your mercy! We demand justice and our right of trial.

KATE: Oh, Frank! For my sake, spare them! Think! We played together as children beneath his roof! where you, a little orphan boy, were treated by him as his own! He has always been as a father to you; and Jack as your own brother! You cannot do this awful thing!

SIMMS: (low to her, so that soldiers cannot hear): Kate, on one condition I will spare them.

KATE: What?

SIMMS: Your hand!

COL. R. (swings Kate to his breast). No, traitor! She is the wife of a gentleman and a soldier! But, were she free, I would see her dead at my feet rather than your wife!

SIMMS: As you please. (writes)

KATE: Oh, God in Heaven! Is there no hope?

COL. R. Yes, Kate! The hope that we may die like men, unshamed by a traitor's mercy! (Mike enters L. U.)

SIMMS: (to guard) Take that woman and this note to headquarters, and——

JACK (snatches note and looks at it) I knew it! You are not Frank Rawlins!

COL. R. and KATE: What?

JACK: No! This is not Frank's writing! He is an impostor!

COL. R. Thank God! (guard seizes Kate. She puts him away. Col. R. and Jack make move as if to resent it. Guard takes hands off of her).

SIMMS: Attention! Ready! (Kate screams, bursts by guard and throws herself before them? Mike to C. Men lower guns.)

COL. R. Kate! For God's sake——

SIMMS: Ye fools! Never mind her! Ready! (Col. R. and Jack push her to Guard).

MIKE: Hold, ye black-guard! (knocks Simms down).

SIMMS: (gets up, in rage, guard holding Kate, his gun R. of him.) Arrest him! He has struck a superior officer!

MIKE: Ye lie, ye thafe! I'm yer aqual! Here's me Captain's commission! (Pause.—Grabs up guard's gun and levels at Simms). When they fire, I fire! (pause). (Guard drops Kate and pins Mike's arms from behind. Mike drops gun. Kate springs to Col.)

SIMMS: Fool! I'll attend to you later! Ready! (Kate screams, Walter runs on R. 1. and stands between them)

WALT: Hold, I command you in the name of the General!

SIMMS: What do you mean?

WALT: (with paper): A reprieve! (turns). Frank Rawlins!

FRANK: (followed by Marah, enters L. U. E) Here!

SIMMS: (staggers back.) Alive!

WALT. COL. R. & KATE: Frank!

FRANK: At your service! (with Kate, Col. & Jack).

WALT: Who is he, then?

MARAH: (C): Who? The Fiend who stole away my poor child's heart! That dragged her down to shame and death! John Simms!

ALL: John Simms?

WALT: & MIKE (looking at each other): The bounty jumper!

SIMMS: You damned hag!—(tries to shoot her; Mike knocks pistol from his hand).

MIKE: No yez don't, Misther Simms!

WALT: Arrest him!

MARAH: (springs at Simms.) No! (stabs him, he staggers to feet and falls. She sets foot on him). Ha, ha, ha! At last! At last!

WALT: Marah! Woman! What have you done?

MARAH: (wildly) I have killed him! Ha, ha, ha! Days, months, years, I have tracked him over the mountains, through the forests, through the swamps, silent as a shadow, unresting as fate; for I had sworn to kill him who had killed my child!

KATE: (by her father). Oh, it is terrible!

MARAH: (crosses R. 1.) Hark! Do ye not hear her calling? I'm coming, Margery, I'm coming, my child! My poor little Margery! You can sleep now, Honey! He's dead! Dead! Dead! Ha, ha, ha! (exit R. 1.)

WALT: Take him away, men. (They start to pick him up. Shouts out R. I Lena runs on R. U.)

LENA: De var iss ober! De Var iss ober!

ALL: What!

LENA: (gives Walt. paper) Yah! Sheneral Lee hass surrentered!

COL. R. (L. C.) What! Brave old Lee surrendered? Then the end has come! Gentlemen, we have been foes; let us learn, now, to be friends. 'Twas bravely done on both sides. We have shown the World how Americans can fight!

WALT: (reaches out hands to Kate.) Kate!

KATE (in his arms) My husband! Peace at last! Across our path no longer falls the Shadow of the Sword! PICTURE:

CURTAIN. BIRD RINGS.

SOLDIERS R. at back. GUARD

WALT. KATE & COL. (C.)

MIKE & LENA. FRANK & JACK. L.

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